Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXII No. 28 JULY 9, 1949 FIFTEEN CENTS

SR 9/24/9R 40-7-22
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN 2YR 10/4
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
LIBRARY
JUL 11 '49

Jean-Paul Sartre, author of "Nausea." (See page 8)

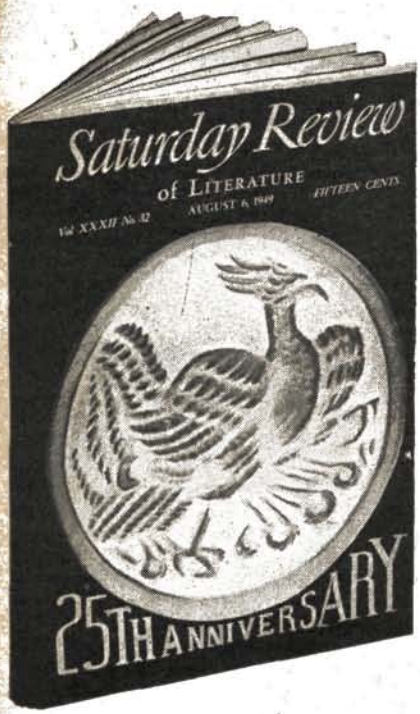
1953: Target or Milestone?

By VERA MICHELES DEAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT THE *Saturday Review's* 25th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

One of the important publishing events of 1949



The August 6th Anniversary Number of *The Saturday Review* will be one of the most valuable single issues ever published by an American magazine. In the pages of this greatly expanded publication leading American writers and critics will contribute features and articles about the worlds of books, ideas, the arts and entertainment.

SOME OF THE NOTABLE CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
JOHN P. MARQUAND
CLIFTON FADIMAN
BERNARD DEVOTO
ELMER DAVIS
LEWIS MUMFORD
DAVID LILIENTHAL
IRVING KOLODIN
EUGENE O'NEILL, JR.
HOWARD ODUM
IRIS BARRY
HARRY A. OVERSTREET
LEWIS GANNETT
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
LEONARD BACON
JAMES THRALL SOBY

A COMPLETE ROTOGRAVURE PICTURE AND FEATURE SECTION

Pictures and text dealing with the books, ideas and personalities of the past 25 years. This section will be organized and edited by ROGER BUTTERFIELD, author of *The American Past.*

3 BIG SECTIONS OF ABSORBING ARTICLES

1. BOOKS. Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. A literary summing-up of the years 1924 to 1949. Writers, literary movements, trends, discoveries, bestsellers, the entire literary scene, evaluated and appraised.

2. IDEAS. Edited by NORMAN COUSINS. Ideas that have been shaping history in the past 25 years, ideas in such fields as science, philosophy, history, politics, religion.

3. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. Edited by JOHN MASON BROWN. 25 years of the theater, motion pictures, music, art and the dance will receive the attention of an impressive list of notables in each field.

SEND gift subscriptions now to your friends and those subscriptions will include the August 6th Anniversary Number as one of the regular issues. You can also enter a renewal of an existing subscription or enter a new one if you are not now an *SRL* subscriber. But don't delay. We must have your order right away to insure that your subscriptions will include the Anniversary Issue.

USE THE COUPON BELOW TODAY!

ORDER BLANK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send *The Saturday Review* to the following as my gift for the period checked:

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____
Gift Card Should Read from_____
☐ 1 Year $6 ☐ 6 Months $3

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____
Gift Card Should Read from_____
☐ 1 Year $6 ☐ 6 Months $3

MY OWN NAME IS:

_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____
(ZONE)

☐ Please (just) (also) enter my own subscription

☐ New ☐ Extension
☐ 1 Year $6 ☐ 6 Months $3

I ENCLOSE $_____ or ☐ bill me

Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and Foreign orders, excluding Pan-America.

7-9

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

July 9, 1949

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

Article

PAGE

1953: TARGET OR MILESTONE?
By Vera Micheles Dean..... 6

Reviews

NAUSEA
WHAT IS LITERATURE?
A SHORT HISTORY OF EXISTENTIALISM
Reviewed by Gorham Munson.....8

THE SULLIVAN COUNTY SKETCHES OF STEPHEN CRANE
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....9

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SOVIET RUSSIA
Reviewed by David J. Dallin.....10

THE ROME-BERLIN AXIS
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz.....11

YOUNG WILLIAM WASHBOURNE
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe.....13

THE TRAGIC INNOCENTS
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....14

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas.....14

WORLD FULL OF STRANGERS
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman.....15

STRANGER IN THE LAND
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....16

THE SPECTACULAR SAN FRANCISCANS
Reviewed by Kathleen Norris.....17

THIS WAS AMERICA
UPON THIS CONTINENT
Reviewed by Allan Nevins.....18

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE
Reviewed by Mark DeWolfe Howe...19

OEDIPUS MYTH AND COMPLEX
Reviewed by Bertram D. Lewin, M.D......20

THE AGE OF REVOLUTION
Reviewed by Walter C. Langsam....21

FLIGHT INTO HISTORY
Reviewed by Fred C. Kelly.....36

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4
LITERARY CRYPT 10
LITERARY I. Q. 12
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....27
IDEAS ON FILM
By Cecile Starr.....30
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....34
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....37
BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....38
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 798.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 28, July 9, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

RAY FOR the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.

Psalms 122:6

Almost three thousand years after the psalmist's plea, the world continues to pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Because Palestine stands as a bridge between continents and cultures, and because it holds intense significance for the followers of three world religions, it has not known prolonged peace. After nearly two thousand years under outside domination, the Holy Land, in the twentieth century, has resumed a separate political identity. The resulting Jewish-Arab conflict is one of the most delicate and difficult problems of modern international politics, a problem now set in historical perspective by:

A History of Palestine

From 135 A.D. *to Modern Times*

By JAMES PARKES

With unusual clarity and objectivity Dr. Parkes tells the whole important story of Palestine—the many conquests and the cultural influences which its unique geographical position brought; the emotional complexities arising from its significance as the birthplace of Judaism and Christianity.

Jewry, Christendom, and Islam are given individual attention, their contributions to Palestine evaluated. Dr. Parkes also traces the country's political history from the last Jewish war with Rome to the twentieth century, with separate chapters on the First World War and its effects on Palestine, the British administration, 1918-1930, the breakdown of the mandate, 1929-1939, and the collapse and abandonment of the British administration.

Endpaper and other maps and bibliography add to the book's interest.

'A splendid volume . . . a clear, objective and warmhearted history.'—*Chicago Sun-Times*. 390 pp., $5.00.

Oxford Books of Related Interest:

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN THE MODERN WORLD *By* JAMES PARKES
(*Home University Library* No. 191) $2.00

EGYPT: *An Economic and Social Analysis*
By CHARLES ISSAWI $4.50

THE HISTORY AND RELIGION OF ISRAEL *By* W. L. WARDLE
(Clarendon Bible Series) $2.50

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR FOR CLASSICAL HEBREW
By JACOB WEINGREEN $5.00

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS FROM MOSES TO HEROD THE GREAT
By B. K. RATTEY $1.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

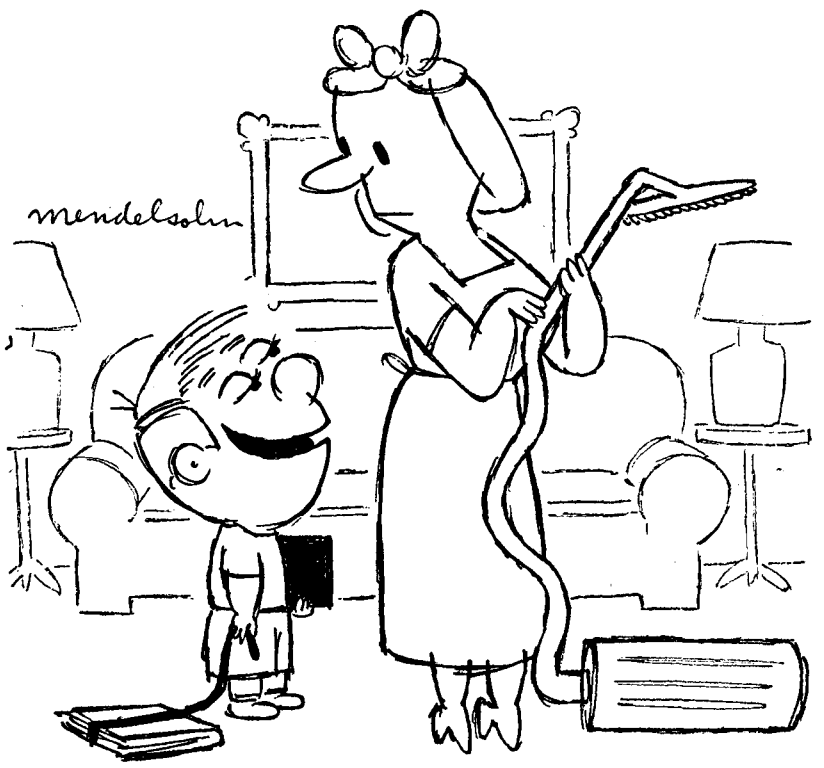
TRADE Winds

PUBLISHER ANTHONY BUMP was in a truculent mood when he met book reviewer Skimquick at the Ritz bar for his five-o'clock Scotch-on-the rocks. "No more of this week-end manuscript reading for me," he swore vigorously, "especially in the summer. Everybody else has Saturday and Sunday entirely to himself. Why the devil does every fool author and agent expect me to read two novels and one interminable biography in the same period? 'Let us know about it Monday morning,' they chorus. Well, they can darn well wait from now on. I'm going to concentrate on breaking ninety."

Skimquick fingered his cocktail glass thoughtfully, and remarked, "Tony, I've known you fourteen years and I don't remember once in all that time that you actually read a manuscript over a week end."

"You don't understand," grumbled Mr. Bump. "Of course, I didn't read them. But I always carried them home in my portfolio. There they sat on the table in my dressing room all day Saturday and Sunday to make me feel like a shirker and a heel. There'll be no more of that. I'm no slave to my business from now on. What have I got four editors for anyhow? After this, let *them* take the manuscripts home and not read them. Boy, another Scotch." . . .

FOR AN ALL-STAR BASEBALL LINE-UP, B. E. Edelstein suggests Ship pitching, Measles catching, Cotton batting, Henry Fielding, Engine warming up, If at first, and Baby bunting. Two substitutes, in a crowded hotel, are doubled up. Mr. Edelstein concludes his note by asking if I heard about the moron who thought that Schopenhauer designated sixty minutes spent at Macy's. The answer is no. . . . Harry Ruby visited a nouveau riche producer whose estate boasted the usual illuminated swimming pool, MGM draperies, and Utrillos and Dufys on the wall. Ruby made no comment until the main course was served at dinner. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he gasped, "Aren't these plates solid gold?" "Of course, they're solid gold," snapped the producer, "Do you thing we live like pigs around here?" . . . Gen. Bedell Smith tells a good story on his friend Gen. Carl Spaatz. Before flying to the front in Europe to assume command of the Army Air Forces, Spaatz rashly promised individual letters once a week not only to his wife, but to each of his three daughters. He performed faithfully for a couple of weeks, but then resorted to a neat device. He would write "My Darling" at the top of the page and "All love from Dad" at the bottom, and scissor out all the rest. "Damned censors" was his explanation when complaints began. Gen. Smith adds, "Of course, he didn't get away with it, but he had a lot more time for poker until he was unmasked." . . .



"We learned a new word today, Momma. Try and surmise what it is. I'll give you three surmises."

MALICE IN LITERARY WONDERLAND. . . . A victim of Bernard Shaw's barbed wit achieved a small measure of revenge by explaining, "No wonder Shaw's health remains so good! Think of the ultra-violet rays he absorbs by remaining continuously in the limelight!" . . . A. Woollcott demolished a coy and inept society novel by labeling it "a clear case of fallen archness." . . . . Louis Greene, *Publishers' Weekly*'s affable advertising manager, has what Mr. Cabell would call "no especial gift for silence." In a poker game one evening Greene declared, "There's one girl who can always interrupt me, and that's my secretary." Bernie Hart massaged his splitting eardrums and murmured, "I'll bet her name is Miss Edgewise." . . . A pompous and overrated American novelist failed to impress a British customs official at the Southampton docks recently. The official told him, tongue in cheek, "I think I realize how important you are, sir, but others might not. In London, I suggest you carry your nonentity card with you." . . .

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT the speed and facility with which the late Edgar Wallace turned out his innumerable mystery yarns, with sometimes as many as seven in the works at one time. Here's a new yarn about him brought back from London by Laura Hobson. One of the big newspapers was running a Wallace serial in its pages, with the author delivering copy about twelve days in advance. Suddenly, however, the copy stopped coming in. Wallace was motoring through the South of France and couldn't be reached. When only two days' installments remained in the basket, the feature editor became panicky, particularly in light of the fact that the narrative left off with the hero bound hand and foot at the bottom of a fifty-foot hole in the middle of the Sahara Desert. "Only Wallace is ingenious enough to get him out of a predicament like that," wailed the editor. "What's to be done?" At the last moment, his worry proved needless. The imperturbable Wallace strode into the office, sat down at the typewriter, and with the relieved editor peering over his shoul-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der, typed the first line of the next installment. It began, "As our hero emerged from the pit."...

BERT McCORD POINTS OUT IN the *Herald Tribune* that the 1936 edition of "Manuscript" included a story by Eudora Welty that bore the title "Death of a Traveling Salesman."... In Gide's memoirs, there is a story of a dinner given by Baron Rothschild in honor of a prominent cardinal. The butler served a vintage wine. Rothschild, pained to note that the cardinal stopped the butler when his glass was half filled and then added an equal measure of water, remarked, "I see, Cardinal, that you are baptizing my wine." "No," replied the cardinal, "I'm cutting it." . . . Rod McLean, who sympathizes with a fellow who has to turn out a column every week, regardless of the beckoning outdoors, submits these two poems:

TEXT FOR TODAY

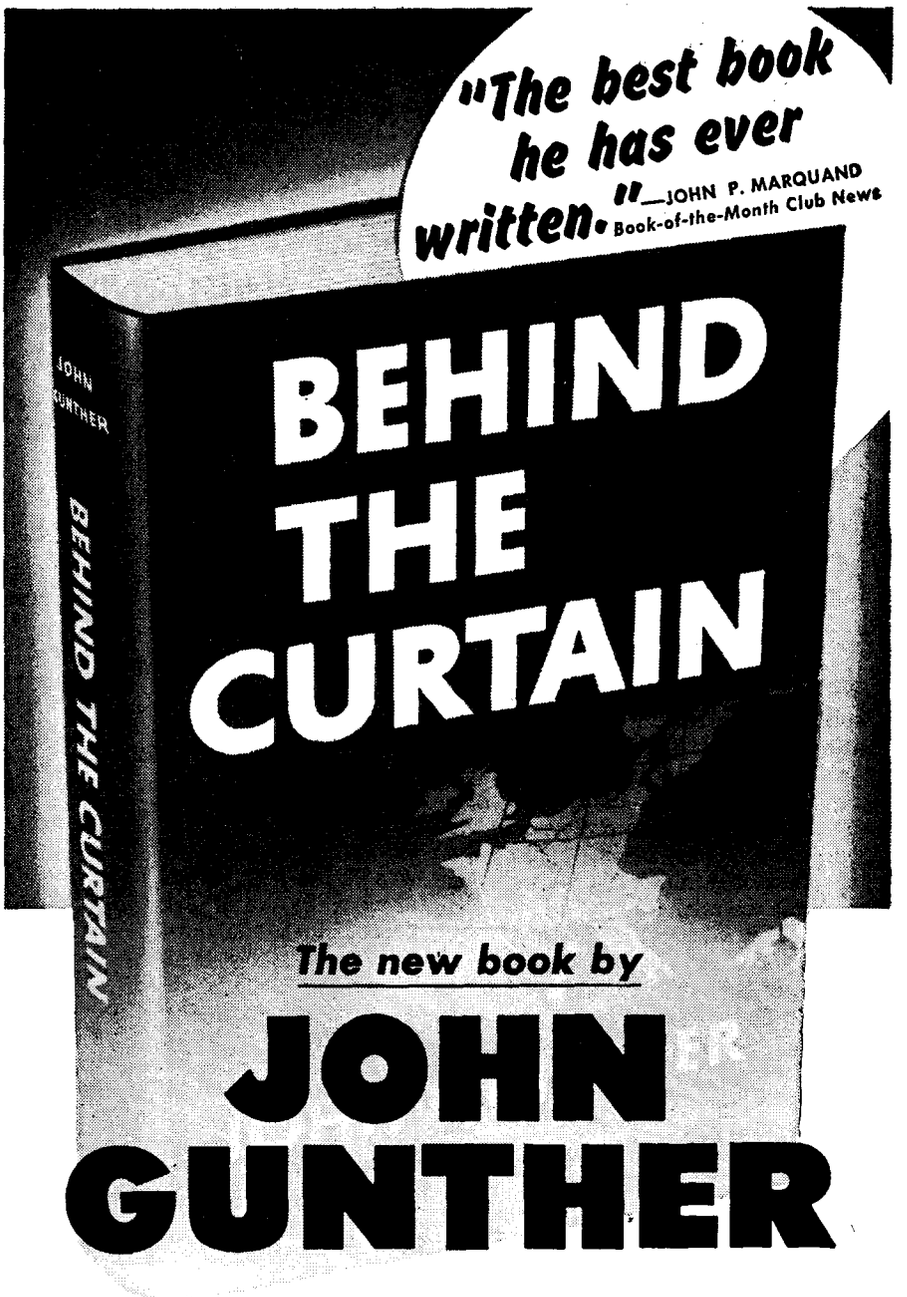
In Jeopardy, in Jeopardy,
The hazards are in bloom
And crimson portents nod their heads
Where climbing frenzies loom.
I wander through the garden
Of our social anarchism
And do my best to memorize
The shorter cataclysm.

NOCTURNE IN D'S FLAT

After grinding out the P.M. of a faun
The composer went upstairs to hit the hay
Where his wife remarked, on noting night was gone:
"My little Claude you've had Debussy day." . . .

PUBLISHERS IN PARTICULAR will relish this anecdote from Archie Ogden, of the Twentieth Century-Fox Eastern story department. An important business executive wrote a technical book and offered it to some friends who worked for an old-line publishing house. They liked the book and offered him a contract. The terms seemed fair, but cautious by nature, he sought the approval of a high-powered lawyer before he signed. The lawyer declared the contract to be full of holes, evasions, and traps for the unwary, and drew up a brand new one. The publishers howled with anguish when they saw it, but decided to accept it. In the months following, there was a big shake-up in the publisher's office, and all the executives' friends vanished from the scene. He scurried back to his lawyer, complaining, "I don't want my book brought out by total strangers. Can't you get me out of my contract?" The lawyer informed him, "The one the publishers wanted you to sign could have been broken sixteen different ways. But the combined efforts of a Steuer, a Liebowitz, and the judges of the Supreme Court couldn't get you out of the one I drew!"

—BENNETT CERF.


"The best book he has ever written."—JOHN P. MARQUAND Book-of-the-Month Club News
BEHIND THE CURTAIN
JOHN GUNTHER
BEHIND THE CURTAIN
The new book by
JOHN GUNTHER

The author of *INSIDE U.S.A.*

"If the American people want the truth about the Russian satellite world in Eastern Europe, let them read this first-hand account of our best roving political reporter."
—WILLIAM L. SHIRER

"Mr. Gunther is the most readable, as well as the most sensitive and sensible, of all our journalists . . . He makes you see these 'curtain' countries."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A book of which any writer would be proud. It is so closely packed with reliable, lucid, important information, and is written with such easy grace and sound judgment, that it will inevitably have wide influence."—WILLIAM McFEE, *N. Y. Sun*

"One Gunther is worth more than a dozen situation viewers or panacea makers. For Gunther has put together a foreign world in which Americans can believe and which they can therefore handle."
—JOSEPH BARNES, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

At all bookstores $3.00 • **HARPER & BROTHERS** • 49 East 33rd St., N. Y. 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

1953: Target or Milestone?

VERA MICHELES DEAN

ECONOMIC SURVEY OF EUROPE IN 1948. Geneva: United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

THE first and very natural reaction of the American press to Moscow's announcement that it would lift the Berlin blockade was to interpret it as a great victory for the Marshall Plan. This reaction, however, might well lead to dangerous miscalculations about the outlook for the future if it is not checked against the hard facts of Europe's recovery and its economic relations with the United States. For while there is no doubt that American aid has given a powerful impetus to the rehabilitation of Western Europe, this rehabilitation, in turn, has revealed major maladjustments in the economy of the Continent which have been aggravated by, but are not in the first instance due to, Communism or even to the effects of war. The facts necessary for a realistic evaluation are presented with rare objectivity in this economic survey for 1948 recently published by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

Using the sound psychological approach of telling the good news first, the survey reports that the year 1948 in Europe was in every respect one of remarkable progress. Industrial production on the Continent (outside of the USSR) rose by 16 per cent. It may come as a surprise to many Americans who have heard stories of imminent economic collapse behind the Iron Curtain that, in the opinion of the Commission's experts, industrial expansion was as substantial in the countries of Eastern Europe as in those of Western Europe, and that in USSR industrial production is estimated to have risen by 27 per cent. Western Germany registered a particularly rapid industrial recovery, the volume of production there rising from 40 per cent of prewar at the end of 1947 to 64 per cent by the end of the year—an improvement which, welcome as it is to the Germans and to American taxpayers, has already begun to worry Germany's Western European competitors.

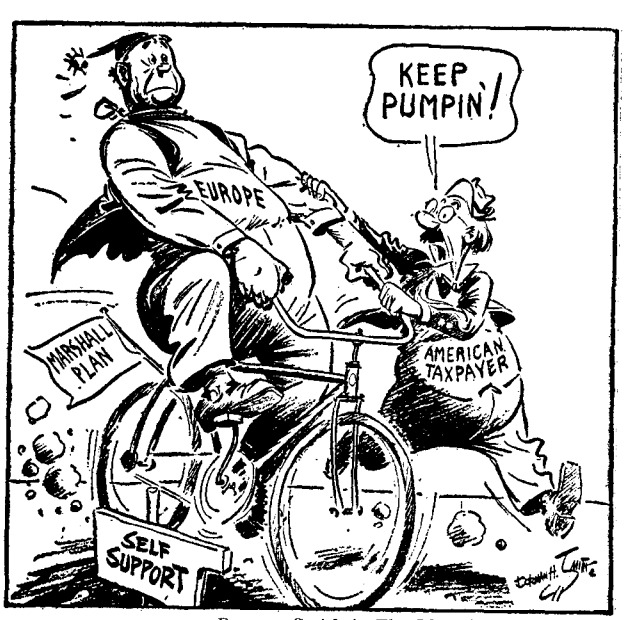
Taking a group of fourteen countries of East and West, excluding Germany, the survey finds that the volume of production was 13 per cent above prewar; in the USSR the 1948 industrial output was 18 per cent above the 1940 level. Agriculture did not come off as well as industry, but nevertheless output rose by 12 per cent in Europe, outside the USSR, while in the USSR, the 1948 harvest reached the prewar level. Labor productivity in industry appears to have risen, and unemployment remained very low with the exception of Italy, Hungary, Belgium, and the Western and Soviet zones of Germany. The rise in production was accompanied by a gradual return to conditions of monetary stability, which improved incentives to work in a number of countries, thus stimulating further output. Better utilization and distribution of available fuel resources brought about a relaxation in the general fuel shortage, facilitating industrial expansion. It is estimated that,

—*Brooks in* The Birmingham News.

"Traveling Is Becoming Easier."

—*Little in* The Nashville Tennessean.

"The Warm War."



—*Dorman Smith in* The Phoenix Gazette, *NEA*.

"He's Finally Getting the Hang of It."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a notable rise in steel production, planned to reach fifty-five million tons in 1949, or above the prewar level, the general shortage of steel may be overcome sooner than expected.

These encouraging findings, which every recent visitor to Europe can confirm from personal impressions, form the silver lining of the cloud that still hangs over the Continent. But the Commission minces no words and spares no country's feelings in analyzing the cloud's storm potential. A break-down of the data it has collected shows that production in the heavy industries continued to rise during 1948 in advance of the general level of production, reaching a volume some 30 per cent above prewar, if Germany is excluded. Probable improvements over the next five years or even in the coming decade are not likely, according to the survey, to bring about a solution of the basic problem of Europe—the severe poverty in which the majority of Europeans live. This problem could only be removed "through revolutionary changes in the technique of production." Current industrial trends suggest that most European countries are seeking to achieve greater diversification in their industrial structure in order to reduce their dependence on imports. This may involve the loss of some of the inherent advantages of specialization and large-scale production and result in the creation of small autarchic economies. The maintenance of present high levels of employment depends not only on the internal policies of European countries, but on their continued ability to obtain necessary supplies of raw materials from abroad. Without the financial assistance of the United States under the European Recovery Program, the survey states, Europe could have financed only two-thirds of its 1948 overseas imports.

EUROPE deployed a tremendous effort in increasing its exports (which in volume rose by 30 per cent) and in reducing its imports, especially from the Western Hemisphere. Nevertheless, the Commission grimly warns, the problem of the overseas balance of payments remains the most threatening aspect of Europe's economic situation. It adds—and this warning is for us to heed—that the trade and lending policies of the United States will exert a decisive influence on Europe's economic future.

A comparable warning, but in this instance addressed to Western Europe, is sounded by the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce in a brief pamphlet en-

titled "The Specter of 1953,"* whose delicate rose and gray covers belie its pessimistic contents. This pamphlet applies the shock treatment by resorting at the outset to fictitious headlines which, it contends, might become real in 1953 unless drastic measures are taken in the last three years of the Marshall Plan, such as: "U. S. Exports to Be Excluded from European Markets; European Standard of Living Declines"; "U. S. Unwilling to Subsidize European Standard of Living Permanently," and "Russia Gloats Over Economic Division of West."

What are some of the basic problems of Europe that might be reflected in the headlines of tomorrow, and how can Europe and the United States go about alleviating these problems? Before practical answers can be given to these questions it is essential to reexamine some of the current illusions in this country about Europe—as well as some of the current illusions in Europe about the United States.

To begin with, many Americans believe that Western European nations receiving ERP aid could and should solve existing difficulties by adopting free private enterprise and integrating national economies into a regional area free of tariff and other barriers comparable to the United States. This view takes little or no account of the prewar character of Western European economy, which depended to a marked degree on food imports from Eastern Europe and on imports of many essential raw materials from colonial areas, especially Southeast Asia, now in a state of turmoil. It disregards the sharp differentialities in living conditions that had existed before the war in many of the European countries under a more or less free-enterprise system between a small minority at the top and large groups of the population at the bottom—differentiations which, where they were allowed to persist, greatly facilitated the rise of Communism. The desire to alleviate social unrest has caused governments in Europe since the war to effect changes in the distribution of income in favor of the low-income groups through sharply increased expenditures on social services and other measures. Many of these measures, even when adopted under conditions of full political liberty, as in Britain, have brought criticism from Americans opposed to all forms of Socialism. Such criticism, however, has not sufficiently heeded the fact that the economy of the United States is far more productive, and the standard of living of a large number of most Americans is much higher than is true even of the advanced nations of Western Europe.

IS THIS disparity due to the absence in Europe of the free-enterprise system as we know it here? This is a debatable question. In the heyday of laissez-faire in the nineteenth century, Western Europe did not attain the high output and widely distributed high living standards of the United States. The toll in manpower and material resources taken by two world wars has further widened the gap between Europe and this country, which suffered little in comparison. To narrow this gap, according to the European Economic Commission, the capital equipment and organization of production must be raised to standards comparable with those of the United States. The main task, then, is to discover *what* system can most effectively bring about necessary reequipment and reorganization—instead of merely asserting that this or that system, no matter how feasible and desirable in the United States, is the *only* solution for Europe's problems. On this issue many well-informed and responsible Europeans differ in all honesty from American spokesmen. They believe that some measure of socialization is essential for European conditions, especially in the wake of devastating war. They are convinced that careful planning to obtain the best possible utilization of available resources both of manpower and materials offers a more promising way out of the present dilemma than does a return to the unrestricted conditions which, it seems to large numbers of European

(*Continued on page* 33)

*"The Specter of 1953: A Report of the Committee on International Economic Affairs, New York."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belles-Lettres.

No informed person would undertake to discuss European intellectual trends since the war without having a good deal to say about Jean-Paul Sartre and his somber philosophy of existentialism ("nothing, absolutely nothing, justifies man's existence"). This brilliant young man's novels ("The Age of Reason," "The Chips Are Down"), plays ("The Respectful Prostitute"), and philosophical works ("Psychology of the Imagination") have attracted wide attention in this country, but his attitude is far too cheerless to win many American devotees. Within the past few months our publishers have issued for the first time in English two of Sartre's early works, "Nausea" and "What Is Literature?," and a notable commentary on his philosophy, "A Short History of Existentialism," by Jean Wahl. The appearance of these three books provides Gorham Munson with an opportunity briefly to appraise Sartre.

Things Existing & Oneself Existing

NAUSEA. By Jean-Paul Sartre. New York: New Directions. 238 *pp.* $3.

WHAT IS LITERATURE? By Jean-Paul Sartre. New York: Philosophical Library. 306 *pp.* $4.75.

A SHORT HISTORY OF EXISTENTIALISM. By Jean Wahl. New York: Philosophical Library. 58 *pp.* $2.75.

By Gorham Munson

THE works of Jean-Paul Sartre, playwright, novelist, polemicist, and philosopher, are, in the sense George Jean Nathan gives the verb, "intriguing." It is impossible not to be excited by their newness to close attention. And there is no doubt that they are intermittently dazzling with their frequent flashes of something that looks like genius. But these flashes dazzle rather than blind, and one wonders if it is real genius that emits them. In the end one asks: are Sartre's works much lighter in weight than their appearance caused one to expect? In discussing surrealism, Sartre refers to the false pieces of sugar cut in marble by Marcel Duchamp which surprised the person who handled them by their heaviness. Are Sartre's books like false pieces of marble which surprise us by being light and crumbly like sugar? Can we sum up Sartre by saying that he is amazingly clever and often penetrating but almost never profound? It is very hard to make up one's mind about this versatile and gifted Frenchman—and that is evidence that one is confronted by originality.

Sartre's first novel, "Nausea," published in Paris in 1938, is definitely the kind that inspires a school of writing. It points in a different direction from the ruling novelists in modern French literature. It brightly reflects the times and is timely in mood. It is imitable and leaves a great deal for other writers to say. Its newness is captivating, and it can be argued about endlessly.

"Nausea" purports to be a diary written in 1932 by a young French historian, Antoine Roquentin, who has traveled widely and has settled down to a research project. The editorial notes at the beginning cause the reader to think of Roquentin as dead; as one reads on, one guesses that perhaps he committed suicide. Or just disappeared, leaving papers behind. But at the end of the diary Roquentin is contemplating writing a novel: "And there would be people who would read this book and say: 'Antoine Roquentin wrote it, a red-headed man who hung around cafes,' and they would think about my life . . . as something precious and almost legendary." So perhaps the character Roquentin faked the editorial notes of "Nausea" and isn't fictitiously dead after all. This is an example of how Sartre traps the reader in a supposition and then releases him to speculate on partly-concealed meanings.

To write a novel in diary form that will have the narrative appeals of immediate interest ("what's going to happen next?") and of outcome interest ("how will it all turn out?") is a considerable feat of skill; Sartre's resourcefulness in technique is equal to his task. But Sartre was engaged in more than a technique exploit. In "What Is Literature?" he criticizes novels of earlier periods because they have about them while one is reading them the feeling of past tense. A contemporary novel, he claims, should give the reader a present-tense feeling—and for that reason, one surmises, he chose the diary form for "Nausea."

"Nausea" is a novel about a man

THE AUTHOR: No man content merely to rend his worsteds in despair over a godless universe, French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre is now in "total engagement" against the inert, purposeless life he so despises. "There is no reality except in action," he asserts. "Man exists only to the extent that he fulfills himself. Existentialism is nothing else than an attempt to draw all the consequences of a coherent atheistic position. There is no determinism. Man is free. The coward makes himself cowardly. The hero makes himself heroic." Emerging from, but not entirely abandoning, the "secondary action" of prose writing, M. Sartre and David Rousset recently organized the Rally of Revolutionary Democrats, whose platform is democratically-controlled collectivism—an ideal Sartre has been plugging over the radio and in his magazine *Les Temps Modernes*, apart from finishing some new plays and assisting in the revival of *transition*. Meanwhile the forty-four-year-old Gallic gadfly has been peppering New York footlights and three publishers' lists with the dramas "The Respectful Prostitute," "Red Gloves" ("Dirty Hands"), and "The Victors," which will be Knopf printings in August, "No Exit" and "The Flies"; the novels "The Age of Reason" and "The Reprieve"; the short-story collection "The Wall." On Philosophical Library's 1950 calendar are his weightiest conclusions, "Being and Nothingness"; on New Directions's, a volume on Baudelaire. "Nausea" is his first novel, published in 1938, when he still believed that life could only be endured in imaginary retreat. Nine months in a Nazi prison camp two years later, however, turned the former lycée teacher's fancies to the realities of the Resistance, with which he leagued himself covertly in *Les Lettres Françaises*. Now, in spite of the continued broodiness of his work, intimates report that M. Sartre is of sanguine disposition and apparently enjoying "total involvement." —R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who will seem to most readers highly neurotic and headed for madness. He is undergoing a change, and the interest lies in seeing the crisis of his mysterious illness approach, and in wondering about a meeting he will have with an old mistress, Anny, an extraordinary woman with theories about "privileged situations" and "perfect moments." The crisis comes and it is an intense realization of things *existing* and of oneself *existing*, a realization with the taste of nausea. Anny is met in Paris, and she is found to have "outlived" herself and to be the companion of an Egyptian.

"Nausea" may be called a "novel of ideas" if it is understood that this is a very inadequate label. For a quick survey of the philosophy implicit in its action and sometimes explicit in Roquentin's thought, Jean Wahl's "A Short History of Existentialism" may be recommended. This is a compact thirty-four-page lecture by Wahl, followed by a twenty-page discussion of existentialism by several philosophers, for which the publisher has set a price that is steep even in this time of high production costs. Wahl begins with the profound religious thought of Kierkegaard ("One is not a Christian—one becomes a Christian. It is a matter of sustained effort"), glances at Jaspers, who secularized Kierkegaard, and spends most of his brief space on Heidegger and his picture of man flung on our planet for no reason, forlorn, ridden by anxiety, destined for death, defined as "impossibility of further possibility." One wishes Wahl had said more about Sartre and the concept of nausea with which Sartre has replaced Heidegger's anxiety.

Considerably more light is thrown on Sartre's intentions in "Nausea" by the series of essays he wrote for his review in Paris which are now collected, translated, and published under the title, "What Is Literature?" (again, I regret to note, rather steeply priced). In this series Sartre takes up the basic questions: "What is writing? Why does one write? For whom does one write?" and gives answers that are far from banal. He makes a semantic approach to prose ("the empire of signs is prose") but regards poetry as an independent language-structure ("the poetic attitude considers words as things and not as signs"), a position that reminds one of Eliot's. He is extraordinarily good on the dialectical process of writing (thesis) and reading (antithesis) by which the synthesis, the literary object, comes into being (". . . the literary object is a peculiar top which exists only in movement. To make it come into view a concrete act called reading is necessary, and it lasts only as long as this act can last"). When he takes up the question "For whom does one write?" Sartre becomes somewhat Marxist in his description of reading publics, but only somewhat; he is much more flexible and subtle than are the Marxist literary critics. At one place he pays his extended disrespects to Stalinist writers, and no one has done a better job in showing that "the politics of Stalinist Communism is incompatible . . . with the honest practice of the literary craft." Finally, he examines the situation of the writer in France in 1947, which for Sartre is the problem of reaching a mixed public consisting of a segment of the "oppressed working class" and a segment of the "oppressing bourgeoisie." Here is a passage that lights up the ambiguous character of "Nausea":

> If we wished to give an account of our age, we had to make the technique of the novel shift from Newtonian mechanics to generalized relativity; we had to people our books with minds that were half lucid and half overcast. . . . We had to present creatures whose reality would be the tangled and contradictory tissue of each one's evaluation of all the other characters—himself included—and the evaluation by all the others of himself, and who could never decide from within whether the changes of their destinies came from their own efforts, from their own faults, or from the course of the universe . . . we had to leave doubts, expectations, and the unachieved throughout our works.

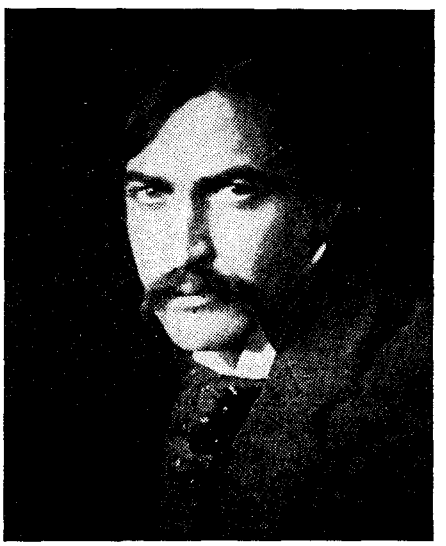
At the outset I questioned Sartre's profundity. The matter may be tested by comparing Roquentin's experience of observing himself existing, which is marked by strong identification of the "I" with what is observed, and the experience of genuine mystics in self-observation performed in a state of non-identification of the "I" with the body and ordinary psychological processes. And is Sartre's individualized Socialism profound? Hasn't it been clearly understood by advanced thinkers ever since World War I that the Marxist analysis is incomplete (it doesn't cover *financial* economics) and dated (applying to a Machine Age but not forseeing a Power Age)?

Pseudo-Ghosts

THE SULLIVAN COUNTY SKETCHES OF STEPHEN CRANE. Edited by Melvin Schoberlin. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press. 85 *pp.* $2.50.

By Robert Halsband

CRANE'S premature death at the turn of the century ended the short career of a master of psychological realism. The "Sullivan County Sketches" are clearly the exercises of an apprentice, but they contain revealing clues to the evolution of his genius. He wrote them when he was just out of college, at the age of twenty, and while he was helping his brother write a gossip column about the New Jersey summer resorts for the *New York Tribune*. Most of the sketches were published in that paper (at the space rate of six dollars a column), and now for the first time they are all collected in book form.



Stephen Crane: "How I wish I had dropped them into the wastebasket!"

"How I wish I had dropped them into the wastebasket!" Crane later exclaimed, referring to the sketches. But when he felt ashamed of them he had already achieved "Maggie" and "The Red Badge of Courage." The reader need not share his contempt. To be sure, the ten pieces are slight, even trivial. They relate the disconnected adventures of four friends in the mountainous country around Port Jervis. (The editor's surmise that with a little rewriting the sketches could be welded into a novel, even an episodic one, seems most implausible.) The men stumble on a spooky hermit in a cave, they are deserted for the night by a drunken fishing guide, a black phantom dog howling for death turns out to be merely a hungry dog howling for food, a bear becomes entangled in a tent and runs off wearing it, a ghoulish scream turns out to be from a man suffering from stomach cramps, and so on. It is obvious that the sketches point back to the stories

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that stemmed from the West, with their zest for violence, pain, and the grotesque. Mark Twain and (almost at the same time as Stephen Crane) Ambrose Bierce exploit the same moods.

But Crane's sketches also point forward to his own mature writings. Occasionally there are startling spurts of insight, as in one of the simpler sketches where the little man stalks and shoots a bear. Then: "He ran up and kicked the ribs of the bear. Upon his face was the smile of the successful lover." In general, the sketches show many evidences of his later psychological intensity, verbal brilliance, and rich symbolism. (The last reminds one of Ryder's paintings.) In these pseudo-ghost stories his wonderful gifts are harnessed to no motive, really, except to shock and amuse. But in his novels they are more valid and powerful because they serve to implement his great compassion for the girl cast out into the streets (irony is added) and for the soldier under fire.

If for no other reason, then, these sketches are valuable for an understanding of Crane's development. They have been edited conscientiously; the introduction, although it contains much relevant material, is written in an unnecessarily gauche and tortured style.

Carlyle's Mind & Art

THE WRITING OF "PAST AND PRESENT," by Grace J. Calder. Yale University Press. $3.75. When Carlyle composed his "Past and Present" he enjoyed both a respite from his work on Cromwell and an opportunity to indulge in his poetico-historical mood. Scorning to be a scientific "dry-as-dust" historian, he tried rather to be a creative one—in the sense of re-creating the past and of lifting from it a pattern for the present. In this case, the twelfth-century chronicle of the Abbot Sampson at the monastery of St. Edmund gave him the backdrop (including a "hero") against which he could diagnose and dramatize the moral illness of his own time. Professor Calder's monograph, subtitled "A Study of Carlyle's Manuscripts," investigates most exhaustively the inception of the work, its two surviving manuscripts (the first and final drafts), its sources, its composition, and its clues to the development of Carlyle's unique style. Although the interest of her book is somewhat restricted, she has produced an excellent study; its painstaking analyses and sensible conclusions are essential material for an understanding of Carlyle's mind and art. —R. H.

The World.

The moves on the diplomatic chessboard which led inevitably to World War II are clearly illumined in the brace of new books we review below. "The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia," a two-volume work by the British historian Max Beloff, traces the steps taken by the Communist State between the Spanish Civil War and the outbreak of the Russian-German war; it merits a place beside the four books on the Soviet and its satellites reviewed in SRL *last week—Louis Fischer's "13 Who Fled," John Gunther's "Behind the Curtain," David J. Dallin's "The Rise of Russia in Asia," and Irwin T. Sanders's "Balkan Village." For the Fascist side of prewar diplomacy, Elizabeth Wiskemann's carefully researched and lucidly written "The Rome-Berlin Axis" tells the story of the partnership between Mussolini and Hitler from* 1931 *to* 1945.

Dual System of National Morality

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Max Beloff. New York: Oxford University Press. Vol. I, 261 *pp.* $3.75. *Vol II,* 434 *pp.* $5.

By David J. Dallin

THE five years from 1936 to 1941 are among the most dramatic periods of history, and Russian policy during those years belongs to the most fascinating subjects of inquiry and interpretation. From the outbreak of the civil war in Spain to Hitler's attack on Russia, the years were packed with suspense, emotions ran high, and sensational crises succeeded one another in what seemed to be an endless tragic sequence. Most of the engineers of world history have since died (as have Neville Chamberlain, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Eduard Benes), been shot, or committed suicide. Russia is the only power where the same leaders have remained at the helm to this day.

The first volume of Max Beloff's history of Soviet foreign policy, dealing with the period from 1929 to 1936, appeared in England two years ago and, amid a veritable avalanche of books on Russia, promptly attracted attention as an earnest, objective, and scholarly study. The second volume, completing the work, carries the story down to the outbreak of the Soviet-German war in 1941. It maintains the same standards of completeness and objectivity which the author established in the first volume.

These days official documents dealing with the recent past are being released in considerable numbers in various countries; this material is often exceeded in quantity by the flood of personal memoirs and narratives of former statesmen, participants, and observers of the great drama of yesterday. Max Beloff has studied and compared the available material and has cautiously arrived at certain conclusions. The very list of the "principal books" used by Mr. Beloff occupies sixteen pages; at least a thousand footnotes are supplied. No single phase of Soviet policy has remained untouched: along with the Munich Conference, the Soviet-German pacts, and the border conflicts in the Far East, Mr. Beloff deals with such little-known issues as the Pact of Saadabad and the fate of the "Sitch" militia in Carpatho-Ruthenia. Along with events of world importance, Beloff registers interesting details worth pondering, as well as comparisons with more recent events. Here, for instance, is General Khripin, assistant commander-in-chief of the Soviet Air Force asserting in

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 315

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 315 *will be found in the next issue.*

B FHDDFC KGHFNANKGJ

HMRFHMCDG VBM'A VHMP

DN BDGCHAV, TWD

PCKDG HM KGHFNANKGJ

TSHMLCDG VCM'A VHMPA

BTNWD DN SCFHLHNM.—

O. TBRNM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 314

Statistics are like alienists—they will testify for either side.

—F. H. La Guardia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1936 "that the Soviet Air Force is the most powerful in the world." The formula of a "strong Poland" as a goal of German policy was voiced and reiterated by Hermann Goering less than two years before the German attack on Poland. And the phrase "true democracy" was not invented after the war either. "If a country exists where true democracy has been realized, that country is Fascist Italy," Mussolini declared.

Andrei Vyshinsky appears in international negotiations for the first time in 1937. Little known before 1935, preoccupied with the purge trials in 1936-38, the prosecutor-general did not, however, confine his activities to domestic affairs. Thus he took part in the first talks with U. S. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. In 1940 he was shifted to the international field, where he remained until, last March, he succeeded Molotov as minister of foreign affairs.

The importance of this book would have been enhanced further if Mr. Beloff had not failed to give more summaries and interpretations and if he had given the reader a "meaning of history," a guiding idea to go by. Soviet policies are in dire need of interpretation, and the mosaic of facts warrants certain general conclusions. Indeed, is not the primary objective of writing on contemporary history to convey to the reader a conception of historical patterns, of causes and consequences, so as to provide a possible clue for the understanding of future developments? Mr. Beloff rejects, for the time being, even the possibility of such a general interpretation. "We lack the factual information" needed for such an enterprise, he asserts; "we know so little about the factual policy in the Soviet Union." In support of this view, he points to the secret diplomatic talks and agreements which have not yet become public knowledge and, in general, to the secrecy surrounding Soviet activities at home and abroad.

Are such reserve and modesty not excessive? A decade has passed since the days Mr. Beloff describes, and Soviet policy, then and now, seems to fall into certain clearly discernible patterns. If writers and readers are to wait for the opening of all archives, a generation will have passed and the burning issues of today will be of interest to but a small crowd of scholars. Devoid of interpretations and guiding ideas, contemporary historical writing risks becoming little more than a chronicle.

The conclusions which the author has reached are indicated in the final chapter. Mr. Beloff does not accept the notion that the Soviet Government pursues a purely "national policy," as do other states: "It is essential, if one is to understand the techniques and the language of Soviet diplomacy, to realize that one is at grips with a dual system of morality—that which is permitted to the faithful in the service of the faith is morally reprehensible among the infidels." Mr. Beloff concludes, "An explanation of Soviet policy which dismisses the Revolution would seem to be an explanation which neither the facts nor Soviet writings warrant."

David Dallin is author of "The Rise of Russia in Asia," "Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy," and other volumes on the history of modern Russia.

—*From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.*

"The Four Horsemen."

Strange Partnership

THE ROME-BERLIN AXIS. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. New York: The Oxford University Press. 376 pp. $5.

By Henry B. Kranz

THIS history of the strange partnership between Hitler and Mussolini which was proclaimed to the world as a "Pact of Steel" and ended with the execrable end of the two dictators in the same week of April 1945 makes a fascinating and dramatic story. Anybody who opens the book and expects to find a ponderous, scholarly, political tome will be pleasantly surprised. Although a thorough work and deliberately addressed to the student of world politics, Miss Wiskemann's study is very readable, and this not only because the *dramatis personae* are unusually colorful people but also because the author is a brilliant biographer and analyst as well as a general historian who knows Central Europe and lived there many years. Thus she makes us follow the moves of the Axis powers as we might follow a game of chess.

It was a strange partnership indeed. First Hitler courted Mussolini and the former Italian journalist despised the Austrian paperhanger. Then they became equal associates in deceit and treachery. Finally the picture was reversed. Mussolini was on his knees and Hitler utterly disappointed in his former idol.

Nietzsche was the other great influence in Hitler's early life, Miss Wiskemann asserts. In a story which has not before been published, we are told that a friend of the author, unseen by Hitler, watched him in 1931 in Weimar, where he had gone to see a performance of Mussolini's play about Napoleon, "Campo di Maggio." Hitler, laden with flowers for Nietzsche's aged sister, visited the Nietzsche Archiv; alone before the bust of the master, Hitler seemed to fall into a pious trance. Inspired by the Duce's play performed in the town of Nietzche's death, where republican Germany had dared to draft a democratic constitution, Miss Wiskemann thinks, he may have vowed to become the most ferocious superman of all.

There is no evidence of any concrete connection, before 1931, between Mussolini, who never had a clear conception of his own aims or methods, and the Nazis, who knew very well what they wanted: to run Europe or even the world. The Duce did not like the new totalitarian movement across the Alps. One of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reasons was that he could not understand Hitler's stupid racial theories. If they were correct, he said, the Lapps would have to be honored as the highest type of humanity. And he once said to Starhemberg that Italy had as little use for Pan-Germanism as for Pan-Slavism. When Dollfuss was murdered by Austrian Nazis, Mussolini called Hitler, we are reminded, "a murderer, a horrible sexual degenerate, a dangerous fool." On the other hand the Fuehrer gradually became convinced that Mussolini was a weakling and would betray him any time when it suited him.

The relations between the two men were as bad as they could be in 1935, and improved only when the Western Powers failed to drive a wedge between the dictators. The Duce now realized that he could not protect Austria without help from France, which he secretly admired, and Hitler convinced him that he did not really want the Czechs. When the Germans marched into Prague without consulting Italy, Mussolini complained: "Every time Hitler takes another state, he sends me a message." Nevertheless, on May 22, 1939, the famous "Steel Pact," the military alliance between Germany and Italy was signed, perhaps only because Ribbentrop had assured the Duce that Germany needed a long period of peace, at least three years. A few months later Hitler invaded Poland.

Miss Wiskemann does not believe, as so many do, that Hitler did not want Mussolini to march with him in September 1939. She gives evidence that the German Navy counted on Italy to tie down British ships in the Mediterranean and that the German generals, too, wanted an ally. The Duce had cooled off because of the new friendship between Stalin and

the Fuehrer, and also because he knew that he was too weak to take part in a long, costly war. Several times he wanted to stop the world struggle, but by stimulating Mussolini's lust for power and his fear of isolation Hitler subjugated his partner until he surrendered completely. When the Duce "stabbed France in the back," it was the beginning of his end.

Mussolini was a sick man suffering from ulcers and therefore vacillating; he was theatrical, vain, hypersensitive, and skeptical, an opportunist who knew when to compromise. He was neither perverse nor hysterical. Hitler, on the other hand, the author says, was ruthless, cruel, a veritable madman who thrived on all kinds of drugs and injections.

After tracing the relations of these two men through the period of their rivalry and the various wars to the final debacle, Miss Wiskemann concludes on a pessimistic note. She is afraid that Hitler's influence will be felt for many years to come. "Hitler offered a monstrous connubium of romantic nonsense with pseudo-scientific terms," she writes, "which is almost certain to attract the stricken Europe he did so much to lay in ruins."

Miss Wiskemann is obviously more interested in the two men than in the revolutionary forces that brought them into power or in the economic factors which contributed so much to their rise. She has used all available sources for her work, including the diaries of Ciano, Hassell, Goebbels, Magistrati, and Shirer in their original language, as well as the books by Sumner Welles, Starhemberg, Badoglio, Gafencu, Malaparte, and a good deal of unpublished material. She has furthermore talked with men who were directly concerned, like Schuschnigg. The result is an unusually competent study of two men and two nations, and a much-needed contribution to an understanding of the issues involved in the greatest tragedy of our times.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AUTHORS WITH IDENTICAL NAMES

Many authors (far too many for the befuddled student of literary history) have had identical names, both Christian name and surname. Leonard Manheim, of Floral Park, N. Y., asks you to identify those described below. Allowing ten points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. This satirist (1612-80) wrote a doggerel epic; this novelist (1835-1902) wrote a great novel of Victorian education and a pair of satiric "Utopias."
2. The uncle (1780-1842) was the great apostle of Unitarianism in the New England of his day; the nephew (1818-1901) was a transcendalist poet and essayist in his own right but is better known for his friendship with the leaders of New England transcendentalism.
3. The father (1787-1879) was a poet and journalist; the son (1816-82) is best known for his book on his life as a sailor on board an American vessel, but he lived a full life as jurist and politician after his return from his celebrated voyage.
4. The seventeenth-century author, naval commander, and scientist had a title but no middle name; his nineteenth-century namesake, who wrote frankly about his conversion to Roman Catholicism, had a middle name but no title.
5. The father (1802-70) was the master of the romantic novel in French literature; the son (1824-95) was one of the leaders in the school of realistic drama.
6. The earlier gentleman of the name (1712-56) was a physician who practised in Annapolis, founded a literary club there, and wrote an outstanding diary of life in colonial America; the later (1757-1804) was born in the West Indies, became a general during the American Revolution, and afterward was the greatest political power and the outstanding political writer of his day.
7. The clergyman-cavalier (1591-1674) is noted for his lyrics in praise of natural beauty and youthful pleasures; the university English instructor (1868-1938) turned from academic circles to the writing of popular novels on social and economic themes.
8. Both father and son achieved fame in literature, although they practised other learned professions, the father (1809-94) being a physician and medical-school professor, the son (1841-1935) an eminent lawyer and Supreme Court Justice.
9. The father (1744-75) was a patriot and pamphleteer who died while returning from a mission to England; the son (1772-1864) was a Congressman, Harvard teacher, and historian of that university.
10. With names identical to the very title (allowing for variant spellings), these two writers were separated by a span of more than 300 years; the earlier (1552-1618) was a famous courtier, adventurer, and author; the later (1861-1922) was a professor of English literature at Oxford.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Humphrey Pakington is one of the few remaining Englishmen still writing charming and satirical comedies of Victorian manners. In "Young William Washbourne" his novel involves polite society and the love life of a young officer in His Majesty's Navy. . . . Two significant books are reviewed this week. "A World Full of Strangers" is a modern and more frightening version of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." David Alman's heroine, a tragic girl of the city slums, bears an illegitimate child to her brutal seducer, and, like so many famished wolves, her neighbors, the police, and her lover tear her to pieces. Another novel about a transgressor against community morals is Ward Thomas's "Stranger in the Land." Here a homosexual high-school teacher in a small city is forced to live a subterranean life and finally through fear to commit murder. Both these novels are dramatic and are motivated by compassion and indignation. They should not be overlooked.*

Edwardian Navy Blue Bloods

YOUNG WILLIAM WASHBOURNE. By Humphrey Pakington. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 274 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

LITERATE entertainment such as this calls for superlatives. Yet even a temperate superlative could only stand abashed, an uncouth and fumbling bumpkin, in the presence of Mr. Pakington's well-bred Severnshire Tories. Let us bow then to the fitness of things and, with due Edwardian restraint, say that "Young William Washbourne" is polite and elegant fun.

The story opens in the second year of the century of the common man, on the very day when the most uncommon Queen served as ceremonial excuse for the pageantry of a gala nautical funeral. Reviewing the funeral flotilla from the Admiral's flagship, a spectator if not a mourner, stood the Admiral's small cousin, William Washbourne. William, destined for the Royal Navy, ran an eleven-year-old nose along the guard-rail and picked up some unceremonial smudge. "But William," chided his mother, "you don't generally rub your nose on a ship." The midshipman designate replied: "I do, always."

It was in that spirit of discreet gentlemanly mutiny that the younger son of the Washbournes of Otterley wore, in time, the uniform of His Majesty's Navy. His gunroom chores, to be sure, seemed subordinated to certain tender passages back home with Myrtle and to Otterley's tennis matches and tinkling teacups. That was the nostalgic era when Britannia ruled the waves and, to her sentimental junior officers, the waves were faintly tipped with honey. In Britain's skies then the sun never set; the only cloud, and that no bigger than a well-groomed Severnshire hand, was frustration in love. A one-striper forced on his tight white kid gloves and did his ballroom duty by the young ladies of Admiralty House. Like men of lesser breed, he may have dodged a dance or two with the Admiral's fat daughter. But there was a blue dress and "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, and these fused into a dream called Cynthia. Life at sea would never be quite the same again.

Life on land would never be quite the same again either, especially for the jellyfish of a girl named Myrtle, whose mamma had selected neighbor William for son-in-law. There was always Myrtle in case the high-spirited Cynthia eluded him, which she did when she was swept into marriage by William's dashing cousin John. What with matriarchal intrigue and William's romantic indecision, things were kept on tenterhooks in Severnshire and Malta. At one exciting and astonishing juncture Myrtle showed signs of developing a rudimentary spin. At another, less astonishing perhaps, the gossip speed of Maltese society tongues was accelerated when a dowager spied William in a passage at arms with the married Cynthia.

When war came William saw North Sea action with the fleet. The author, however, an ironical fellow, allows Armageddon to cast but the slightest of shadows on his sunny comedy of manners. The county families Carried On; "it was grand to be Doing One's Bit." To the thunder of naval gunnery William turned epistolary Machiavelli and, as only a sailor could, proved that everything is fair in love and war.

"Young William Washbourne" glories in some magnificent eccentrics: Aunt Lucy, who bore down on Malta with a Mission of Hope; ancient Mrs. White-Wright, who kept the Maltese Navy set in tow; Myrtle's literary "Dads," who, hermetically engaged in studying the symbolism of Red Indian blanket patterns, refused to "touch the Cherokees." Such thrive only in the golden serenity of a millennial world. The best tribute I can pay this novel is that I am losing no time in reading its dynastic predecessor, "The Washbournes of Otterley," which I have somehow, inexcusably, missed.

The South Is a Gash

By Fern Maddox

THE South is a gash . . .
A deep, angry gash
Whose blood drips endlessly into a sponge;

The South is a sponge . . .
A gray, oozy sponge
Squeezing its rankness into a mouth;

The South is a mouth . . .
A hurt, tortured mouth
Whose breath is a prayer for the millennium.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unworldly Lovers

THE TRAGIC INNOCENTS. By René Barjavel. New York: Rinehart & Co. 346 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN WOODBURN

THREE French critics, anonymously quoted on the dust-jacket of M. Barjavel's novel, leave no doubt as to their enthusiasm: "The best book I have read in the last ten years"; "One cannot speak of 'The Tragic Innocents' without enthusiasm," and "'The Tragic Innocents' is a masterpiece . . ." While I am as convinced as the next man of the infallibility of fifty million Frenchmen, I know of three who could be wrong. Two, I should say, on the chance that the first gentleman had done very little reading in the last ten years.

This is not to say that M. Barjavel is a bad writer. There are times when he writes very nicely. It is not easy to write simply and delicately about adolescent love, and there are passages on this subject in "The Tragic Innocents" which are very affecting, provided that one can believe that such a love affair could take place in such remarkable innocence and idealism at the time and under the circumstances which the author tells you it did. By time I mean the early 1940's, when the Nazis occupied France, and by circumstances I mean several things. I mean that Jean Tarendol, granting that he was a transplanted peasant, lived among the poorest and most desperate people in the slums of Paris, and it is well known that such an environment does not nurture an Abelardian attitude toward love or one's beloved. Likewise Marie Margherite, brought up in the grubby girls' school run by her mother, and continually confronted with the emptiness and hypocrisy of her parents' relationship, is no more plausible in her dewy role.

At the provincial boarding school where he is a student, Jean Tarendol, a sturdy peasant youth of sixteen years and an almost repellent virtuousness, first sees Marie, and falls instantly in love. He arranges to meet her clandestinely and quickly finds that his love is returned. When a vindictive classmate denounces him to the local Gestapo, Jean flees to Paris, where he finds work with a printer who furnishes leaflets to the Resistance. Marie, whose infatuation has been discovered by her parents, is sent to Saint-Saveur and placed in the custody of a witch-like maiden aunt, an arrangement which has long been a traditional specific for such disorders of the heart. Jean makes his way to Saint-Saveur, where he finds work as a laborer, and throughout a halycon summer they meet secretly each night in the scented fields.

The rest of M. Barjavel's story offers some choice items for the connoisseur of the cliché: who would have guessed that Marie would become pregnant, that her parents should object to her lover because of his poverty and his humble antecedents, that letters should go astray? And what reader will be surprised when Jean, who has been gravely wounded in a bombing and has lain for weeks in an amnesiac state, at last makes his way to his loved one's side, only to find that she has believed him faithless, and has died of a broken heart?

The last scene, which is preposterous and tasteless, is an example of M. Barjavel's heroic attempt to impose on his story a parallelism of medieval folklore: the legend of the Princess of Saint-Saveur, who died of love and longing while her Crusader lover harried the Saracen. This device, or rather, this contraption, which the author has almost forcibly inserted into his story, tends to invalidate much of its impact and, for me, almost all of its credibility. One forgets the charm of some of the earlier pages: the scenes at the school, and the vivid, Daumier-like detail of the swarming, clamorous life of backstreet Paris—these things are forgotten in a scene of bad Wagnerian opera which ends the story on a deafening discord. Eithne Wilkins, the translator, deserves a great deal of credit for her interpretation of the best of these pages; the rest she is not wholly responsible for, and my heart went out to her in that last scene.

Diamond Miracle

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING. By Valentine Davies. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 224 pp. $2.50.

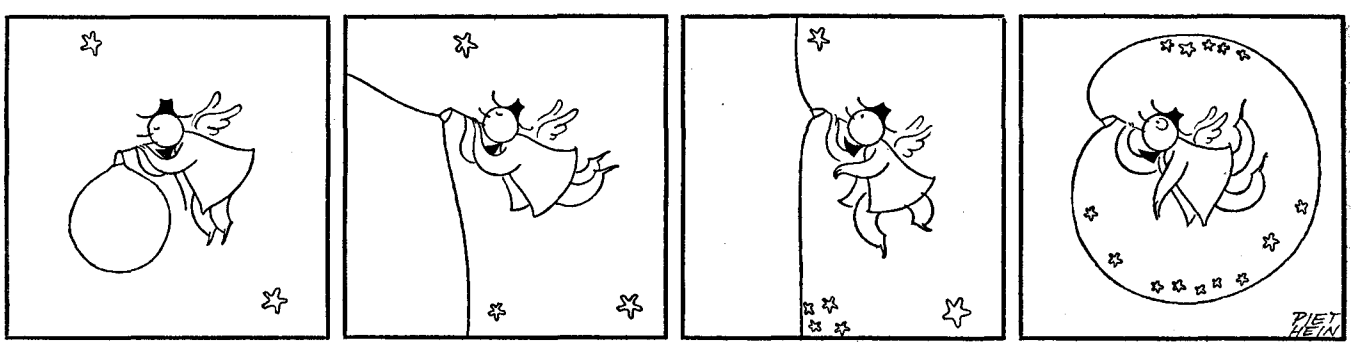
By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

SPRING, Mr. Davies means, happens every spring, complete with young love, magic, and baseball. This neat, competent, trivial bit of novel shows what can be done also with a perfect idea for a neat, funny moving picture, working both ways from a competent, sure-fire scenario. It isn't much if you don't care particularly for innocent celluloid love, lots of well-described baseball, and just the right amount, for the average American temperament, of whimsical magic. But a lot of people will enjoy themselves tremendously.

You can have the love. You can have the baseball, which sounds authentic as far as I can tell, full of the usual fury, shouting, big-league suspense, and the smart crack of wood on leather which arouses in the American heart the full-throated thrill of the bases full, home runs for everybody on the right side, and the favorite thundering down the stretch. Or something.

I'll take the magic. For you must know that to handle magic in this age of scientific miracles and to handle it deftly and neatly, just enough to satisfy that wild desire on everyone's part for a modicum of miraculous help, and not so much as to make magic completely unbelievable, is quite a trick. Mr. Davies, the master craftsman of "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street," is at every point and every moment completely in control.

First you take one of these college professors. Of course he's really an instructor but never mind. Kind of a funny, quiet guy, in love but not saying anything about it, the way college professors don't, working away like mad in his laboratory, putting this into that and that into one of those glass things, and boiling it and measuring it, squinting and making notes, day after day, night after night. Then a baseball crashes through the win-



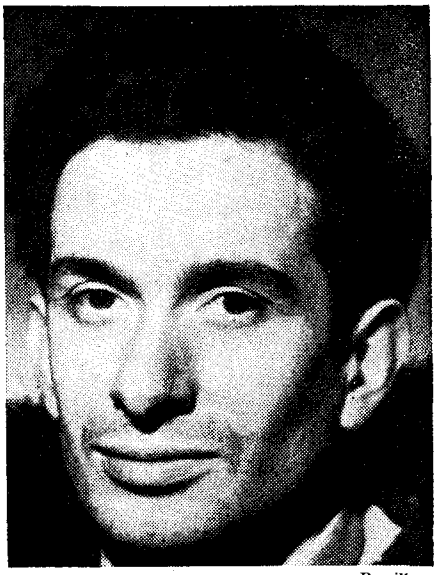
"Infinity."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dow and he drops the retort and bang, he finds he's got left just a little bottle full of something that will make anything recoil from wood. Get the idea? Oh, I forgot to say, every spring this professor gets awfully absent-minded about baseball, his secret passion. Of course he needs money to marry the girl and devote his life to study.

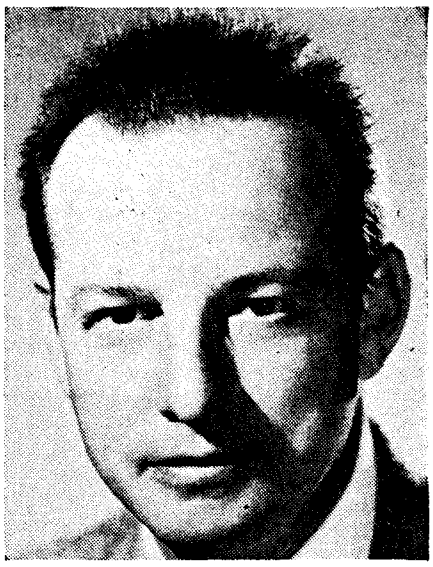
So he gets the idea of putting this stuff on a baseball which no bat can therefore ever touch. And he goes out and sells himself to a ball club as an anonymous and fabulously successful pitcher. That's how it all winds up in a great blaze of the World Series with the whole college and faculty roaring in the bleachers.

I see that just as this little novel is being published, a moving picture of the same name is being widely advertised as the funniest of the year. It will be very successful, I'm sure, and much loved.



—*Papillon.*

René Barjeval—clichés.



Valentine Davis—magic.

—*Walter Rosenblum.*

David Alman—corruption.

Latter-Day Scarlet Letter

WORLD FULL OF STRANGERS. By David Alman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 306 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

AFTER a strangely faltering start—in which too much is telescoped into too indistinguishable a form—David Alman gets his novel moving, and his people speaking at the top of their bent. Then we are present at the unraveling of a modern tragedy, one that moves us with compassion for its victim and rage at her fate, and one also that probes cleanly and with knowledge into the corrupt social culture where the tragic seed is nurtured. A book that aims this high and comes within view of this kind of achievement is important, even when it has its palpable faults and remains considerably less than great. In Mr. Alman the ripeness of mind, the brooding vision, is all; his writing is lifted when it needs to be to meet these needs.

The tragedy at the center of the book will seem to many readers a fresh casting, perhaps in baser metals, from a familiar mold. Christina Velucci bears the stigma of Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, with something of the same innate nobility of character. But there the parallel ends, and Christina's life veers off toward a destiny more terrible than Hester's. The difference is in the society that condemns. The Puritans who branded Hester did so from motives, mistaken or not, rooted in a powerful, impersonal ethic. They aimed to cleanse rather than to destroy. They shared Hester's guilt even as they exorcised it, and she, with the A upon her shoulder, remained a whole and dignified figure.

But David Alman's Christina, bearing her nameless child on the New York waterfront, has a more terrible ordeal to face. Her accusers—the neighbors, the relatives of her wronged fiancé, even her family, and certainly her seducer, who returns not to do penance (as Hester's did) but to disguise his own crime by brutalizing and destroying her—ring about her and reach for her throat like wolves. It is because they are so personally vengeful, so individually affronted and intent upon payment, none of them capable of judging or having any basis for social judgment—it is because they thirst for her blood so much more than they mourn for her soul, that Christina is doomed in a way Hester never was. She is simply crushed before our eyes, spiritually and physically. It is a bitter judgment that Alman brings against Christina's people, and among the things he may be saying is: In Hester Prynne's day she was judged by her peers; today she would be debauched by her jailers.

There are two notably developed characters here. One is Christina, the other is her seducer, John Guss. Guss is in many ways the key to the book's meaning, for along with the story of Christina there is another tale Alman has to tell, and that is about the corruption and the cruelties of police force. Guss serves as a prototype: the man on the beat, the taker of bribes, the blackmailer of touts and prostitutes, the bully of small crooks and the henchman of big, and finally the despoiler of the innocent. It is a terrifying picture, of Guss and his fellows. Admittedly it must be one black portion of the whole picture, yet its truth can do no less than blacken all the rest—and it rings true. Mr. Alman has been a social worker and a parole officer in New York, and he writes out of knowledge. There are questions here that must be answered, if mayors and attorneys and aldermen read novels.

There are debits here too, in particular the incomprehensible flatness of the third key character: Tony Viola, the fiancé who cannot make up his mind whom to hate, what to do, walking through the book like a Tenth Avenue Hamlet without the good speeches, and finding some importance at last in a waterfront strike. The whole business of the strike and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the union, too, seems irrelevant—not in itself, of course, but in its relationship to the drama of Guss and Tony and Christina. But none of these objections can—or is meant to—detract from the truly fine qualities of this novel, its maturity, its depth of emotion, its anger at humanity, and its love of humanity.

Abnormal Fugitive

STRANGER IN THE LAND. By Ward Thomas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 373 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

THERE are minority groups in our society whose voice can rarely be raised in public, who cannot defend themselves against condemnation and punishment by society. They are fugitives from the moral law of the community. The alcoholic is slowly emerging from this wretched status due to the vigorous campaigns inaugurated by compassionate individuals, or by psychiatrists who have proved to the public that the drunkard is sick and may be cured. Novels like Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend" and the motion picture that followed it have been of incalculable service in changing the attitude of the public from rage and disgust to a humane desire for helpful understanding.

It was inevitable that another large minority group, the homosexuals, should become the subject of the same kind of inquiry and compassion. Every book that has intelligently and sympathetically revealed their tragic fate has helped to lighten to some extent the darkness and fear in which they live. The latest novel devoted to this once forbidden subject is aptly titled "Stranger in the Land." Its author, Ward Thomas, succeeds in convincing the reader that it would be better to be dead than a homosexual high-school instructor in a small New England town.

Raymond Manton was, by nature, an esthete, whose brutal father and pathetic mother had made a homosexual out of what might have been a normal young man. There is no way in which he can hope to change his attitude toward women or have a normal life. He is intelligent enough to be fully aware of his situation and yet strong enough to repress the shudder that runs through him when the girls in his classes lean over his desk. He is a sociological problem; no doctor can cure him, nor can religion or morality suppress or change the course of his sexual instincts. All the odds are against him so that he must hide and run like a hunted animal. A vicious and handsome youth becomes his intimate friend and when he begins to blackmail him the end is in sight. In Manton's case his fate is to become a murderer who will have to pay for his crime as surely as the psychiatric ward is the end of the incurable drunkard.

Mr. Thomas might have been advised to condense this tragic story, for some of his dialogue is repetitive and monotonous. Nevertheless, the novel serves as a powerful and dramatic revelation of the nature of a man who knows he is doomed. The hypocrisies of small-town life are ruthlessly exposed through the cynical eyes of this teacher of youth who is forced by his private knowledge to a deeper hypocrisy than the most brutal of his associates. His courageous awareness of his dilemma and of what it means to live always in fear of an unguarded look or gesture gives "Stranger in the Land" a quality of truthfulness and intensity rarely evident in fiction of this nature. The author does not ask for mawkish pity or even sympathy for the Raymond Mantons of the world. But he is deeply sincere in asking the rest of us to treat them like human beings for whom we must have the consideration we should give to any stranger who crosses our path.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

Tennyson: "The Miller's Daughter"

IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise,
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so slight, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americana. *Twenty or thirty years ago it was fashionable in academic circles to assert that everyone who wrote about the past should strive for complete objectivity. Nowadays there is a sizable school of dissidents who feel that detachment is not always desirable, and an even larger one which holds that, desirable or not, it can rarely be realized fully. Julia Cooley Altrocchi has combed yellowing books and newspapers to write "The Spectacular San Franciscans" reviewed below, but despite her enterprise she has failed to capture the spirit of the city, in the opinion of Kathleen Norris, who has known San Francisco for seven decades. The conflicting first-hand reports on America's past given by European visitors in Oscar Handlin's "This Was America" and Abel Plenn's "Upon This Continent" provide further evidence of the difficulties of anyone's achieving true objectivity.*

Tinsel on the Gold Coast

THE SPECTACULAR SAN FRANCISCANS. By Julia Cooley Altrocchi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 398 pp. $4.50.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

HERE she comes again, gay and indestructible, rowdy and coquetish at once, brazen and beautiful Miss San Francisco, this time stepping through the 398 pages of Julia Cooley Altrocchi's "The Spectacular San Franciscans."

She emerges from this ordeal almost untouched. No words will ever capture her, and Mrs. Altrocchi quite frankly attempts to depict only her sensational side, largely through the old newspaper headlines that are typical of any one of our pioneer cities.

True, the familiar parade is here. Dusty, weary, hopeful men and women climb down from emigrant wagons; beautiful señoritas watch them distrustfully from beneath the peppers and eucalyptus trees of the old ranchos. Chinese and Mexican adventurers and bearded miners swarm over the mud-and-plank streets of the innocent little old Spanish settlement of Yerba Buena. Clippers come through the gate, and unload rum and ginger, oysters and lengths of Paris silk on the sunburned boards of Meiggs Wharf, and the shout of "gold" filters slowly over the great unconquered Rockies and finds its way on sailing vessels around the Horn. The vigilantes rise; a trickle of well-born Easterners bring their women to establish a first social group; great fortunes are born, and find themselves in rough and ungroomed hands.

All this is here. But the value of all this is lost, buried, and washed away in so indiscriminate a spate of unimportant detail that before the bewildered reader reaches the hundredth page he is inclined to quote Lowell—if it was Lowell?—in a fretful: "Say, I don't like this cat'log style, do you? As if to sell off natur' by vendue."

Our author omits nothing, prunes nothing. She has done an amazingly conscientious piece of research, and compounded a book invaluable to any student in future times who seeks a summary of every work that ever stood upon our library shelves under the heading "California." She has poured over hundreds of old society columns, steeped herself in references and cross-references—many of them to persons and events of very dubious interest even in their brief day.

Overnight fortunes are compared. Did it matter to someone once that Lick and Russ and Violet made money, or who the women were who assisted Mrs. Blanding at a ball in 1859? What the women wore and what it cost, what they ate, and how they entertained an occasional President, and Oscar Wilde and Jenny Lind and Parepa Rosa and Emerson, and how freely were the terrapin sacrificed and the champagne caused to flow, these facts are truly reported. But they are not San Francisco. Even the ubiquitous Lillie Coit isn't. There are only three portraits in "The Spectacular San Franciscans," and they are all of Lillie Coit.

Lillie was a little girl who raced to fires, became a member of a fire company. Lillie was the inevitable show-off who finds it amusing to marry someone and immediately go off on a solitary honeymoon. Lillie was often seen in the Pavillion in chic costumes, which is duly recorded, and would also drive dashingly to the saloon, stalk to the bar and have a drink with firemen friends. But somehow she always managed to "command respect," and was later a "Saloniere" and moved in the very highest social circles. Lillie died in 1932, and when I asked what the towering column on Telegraph Hill was, and was told that Lillie Coit had left a large sum for its erection to her memory, it was the very first time I ever had heard of her. I must have been a neglectful society reporter more than forty years ago.

No, Lillie wasn't San Francisco either. Nor was Mrs. Altrocchi despite her success in gathering this collection of the highlights of our early

"San Francisco Hills," by Robert Cranston Lee.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story. She came to San Francisco in 1928.

Memories are more living things than the files of old newspapers. The love and laughter that was our childhood's San Francisco never got into the headlines. There were gardens around sunshiny bay-windowed houses, then, and in the houses quiet folk who loved books and music, and children gathered around the evening lamps. Our city knew the dreamy music of foghorns, 300 mornings a year, knew cable cars straining gallantly up the steep hills, knew fruit-baskets swaying on coolie-blue shoulders, and knew the golden sandlots out by the Presidio for a playground.

We watched the lazy Pacific seas creaming eternally over seal rocks, we drank in the sights and smells and tastes of mysterious wooden-balconied, grease-and-smoke-blackened Chinatown. We saw the battered freighters come and go, for the Clyde, for Benares, for Nome. And even while we said to ourselves exaltingly, "This is our city," we knew that the heart of incomparable San Francisco was escaping us still.

Kathleen Norris is the author of more than seventy-five popular novels, including "Certain People of Importance," which deals with a prosperous San Franciscan family through several generations.

Through Foreign Eyes

THIS WAS AMERICA. By Oscar Handlin. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 602 *pp.* $6.

UPON THIS CONTINENT. By Abel Plenn. New York: Creative Age Press. 235 *pp.* $3.50.

By Allan Nevins

THE paper money is a means of cheating foreigners. The stage-coaches are hell. The Negro slaves are brutally treated. The women spend their days shopping. Everybody brags. "There are gardens, but the charm of the place is spoiled by a scowling sky, a hostile climate, and humid lands, to say nothing of the somber solitude, of the bad manners and gross customs, of the religious fanaticism, of the unbearable democracy of the great mass of white inhabitants, of the comic pride of the wealthy classes, of the lack of good tone and good taste, and the urbanity of an advanced society." Is this Mrs. Trollope? Not at all; it is the Gascon aristocrat De Montlezun, writing of America in 1818.

America is the most moral of countries. The ideal of the American man is "purity in intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity and gentleness in manner." In American homes the women generally have all the power they wish. New England glories in the impulse toward universal popular education, and American schools for women are much superior to those of Europe. A stream of spiritual life is forcing its way through all impediments. America has a creative power of organization; the people "associate as easily as they breathe." The spirit of true democracy shows itself in the multiplicity

—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

"Uphold the Right."

of professional bodies, workingmen's guilds, clubs, libraries, and assembly rooms. Everywhere the descendants of the Puritans establish churches, legislatures, a free press, and asylums for the unfortunate. "Wherever the Anglo-American advances, the same cultivation arises." Is this the reformer James Silk Buckingham? Not at all; it is Fredrika Bremer extolling our "free, self-governing communities" in 1853.

Like the British traveler, the Continental sojourner (to whom, in forty different incarnations from a Dutchman in 1780 to Ernst Toller in 1930, Dr. Handlin devotes his fat volume) could see much that he came prepared to find. If a Bourbon, he could find ground for hostile criticism everywhere; if a democrat, he could hail progress on every side. Judging from the selections here given, the Continental writers were on the whole less expert than Cobbett, Maryatt, and Mrs. Martineau, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and H. G. Wells. The language alone was a barrier, while differences of culture struck the Continental as greater. Some of these two-score visitors tell very strange stories. Karl T. Griesinger just before the Civil War found America full of breach-of-promise cases, and warned German immigrants that Irish girls were specially dangerous—"they know the law, and are anxious to be married, particularly to Germans." One Frenchman, Michaux, declared that planters made their slaves drag the plow because they were cheaper than horses. Another, Bourget, gave a picture of football as "a heap of twenty-two bodies tumbling on top of one another, like an inextricable knot of serpents with human heads," with doctors leaping in to "sponge the blood which streams from the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth."

But in the main, the Continental reporters paint just about the same picture of America as their British rivals. They are not so lively or incisive, but they are struck by the same salient characteristics. What do they discover? They write of the ennobling sense of independence and equality which animates Americans. They dwell on the simplicity of manners, the general wholesomeness of life. They are impressed by the abounding energy of the people, their go-ahead enterprise, and their skill in subduing the wilderness. "The heart of a Frenchman palpitates," writes Jean Pierre Brissot, to find the splendid Harvard Library standing "where 150 years ago arose the smoke of the savage calumet." They note the Puritanical cast of morals, carried among the women to prudishness. They remark the tremendous zeal of Americans in establishing newspapers, opening public schools, and attending lyceums, though the higher peaks of culture are lacking. The later travelers are struck by the standardization of dress, food, and furniture, and by the tremendous vogue of baseball and other sports. Every other observer comments on the mobility of Americans and their passion for changing their residences.

Here, too, are the same defects and

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Samuel Butler. 2. William Ellery Channing. 3. Richard Henry Dana. 4. Sir Kenelm Digby and Kenelm Henry Digby. 5. Alexandre Dumas. 6. Alexander Hamilton. 7. Robert Herrick. 8. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 9. Josiah Quincy. 10. Sir Walter Raleigh.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vices that British travelers note, recorded with a shade less accuracy. The business sharpness of Yankees, verging on knavery, is mentioned alike by the Italian Grassi in 1819 and the Russian Tverskoy in 1895. Moreau in the East and Von Hubner in the Far West deal in similar terms with the American tendency toward violence and homicide. The emotionalism of religious revivals, the insecurity of marriage and the family, and the widespread taste for land speculation and stock gambling are described by a dozen writers. Giuseppe Giacosa, the Italian dramatist, dwells on our weakness for the colossal and our habit of putting the dollar mark on everything. He met a millionaire who showed him around his art gallery, murmuring, "Corot, $10,000; Millet, $15,000," and so on. The tyranny of public opinion is frequently exposed.

And of course the visitors list all our minor faults: the oldtime tobacco-spitting, the passion for ice water and meat dishes, the rowdy manners of toothpick-chewing, feet-on-table men, the use of cheap, inartistic goods and jerrybuilt houses, and the tastes for the sensational in oratory, newspapers, and movies.

Altogether, the book might be dismissed as entertaining but repetitive were it not for one novel and impressive element. Beginning with Miss Bremer and Ole Raeder, a series of Continental travelers took pains to visit communities of their countrymen and to describe their lot in America. The two writers mentioned found that the Scandinavians had done well. But other observers struck a savage note. Giacosa furnishes a harrowing description of Italian poverty in the New York slums. The Hungarian Count Vay de Vaga und Luskod, while not unappreciative of America's better side, gives a still more horrifying picture of the miserable toil of Slav and Hungarian workers in the Pittsburgh steel mills. Henri Hauser is caustic in his account of the "disordered tempo" of American life as seen by the immigrant, and Ernst Toller expatiates upon the misery which makes a high rate of crime understandable. In these selections Professor Handlin's book, which represents not only a happy idea but a great deal of hard work, makes a valuable contribution to the readily-available material on American life. It was well worth doing, and it has been done well.

Not so much can be said for Mr. Plenn's volume. It is a slender sheaf of selections from memoirs, travels, letters, and the like, reflecting different sides of American life from Ver-

(*Continued on page 36*)

Ideas & Studies.

Last week we were observing in this space that a Rip Van Winkle who had fallen asleep in the mid-Thirties when Nazi Germany was threatening the survival of all the things cherished by democrats would be puzzled if he awakened in the late Forties to find the menace being played by Soviet Russia. To understand how day-to-day developments fit into the long-term trends of Western civilization, Rip or any other bewildered citizen might well read a book like J. J. Saunders's "The Age of Revolution" (see page 21) or Stringfellow Barr's forthcoming "Pilgrimage of Western Man." Such books would also furnish a valuable background for the provocative discussion of freedom and Socialism offered by the British Labor Party leader Harold Laski in "Liberty in the Modern State," reviewed below.

Current Ills and One Remedy

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 175 *pp.* $2.75.

By Mark DeWolfe Howe

THE re-publication of Professor Laski's brilliant essay on "Liberty in the Modern State" finds ample justification in two related considerations. One is in the immediate importance of such an eloquent reminder that at the core of the Socialist faith lies a passionate conviction that free minds must be the first objective of a decent society. The other is found, not in the message of the original essay itself, but in Professor Laski's introduction to the new edition. There he considers the question whether there is substantial basis for hope that the liberty of which he wrote in 1930 can be secured in the postwar world.

—Harris & Ewing.

Harold J. Laski: "Private ownership of the means of production is no longer compatible with democratic institutions."

In giving an explicit answer to that question Professor Laski not only gives a vivid interpretation of the issues which confront the contemporary world but he adds perspective to certain aspects of his theory of liberty.

Although it was evident in 1930 that Professor Laski believed that freedom would be fruitful only in a society which provided equal economic security for all, his commitment to Socialism was less explicit in the essay itself than it has become in the present introduction. Now his assertion is unqualified that "private ownership of the means of production is no longer compatible with democratic institutions." He is persuaded, accordingly, that the promise of liberty which a capitalist society can offer its people must be illusory and that under present conditions neither freedom nor peace can be secured while capitalism continues. It will not be enough, however, for the nations of the world to reconstitute their economic systems. The survival and freshening of liberty requires, in addition, the abandonment of the fiction of national sovereignty which the nineteenth century sanctified as a principle.

In other recent writings Professor Laski has outlined the same prognosis and prescribed the same remedies. The new suggestiveness in the present volume is found in the relationship which the prediction and the remedy bear to his theory of liberty. Persuasive as the introduction is, many readers are likely to feel that the prescribed Socialist remedy needs a more explicit reconciliation with Professor Laski's principles of liberty than he has attempted to provide. Fundamental to his theory of liberty is the insistence that a nation's law (and therefore, I take it, a nation's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy) cannot demand of a people conduct which seems to them wrong or unwise.

> Every generation [Professor Laski says] contains examples of men who, in the context of ultimate experience, deliberately decide that an anarchy in which they seek to maintain some principle is preferable to an order in which that principle must be surrendered. . . . They illustrate the inescapable proof that law must make its way to acceptance through the channel of consenting minds.

When he spoke thus of the anarchic man whose liberty must be protected, Professor Laski presumably had the rebel, not the conservative, in mind. Yet the entrepreneur and his satellites would seem neatly to fit the quoted generalization. Professor Laski believes that private enterprise has become so destructive that it can no longer be tolerated. He does not, however, make it clear whether he would reconcile the necessary act of suppression with his theory of liberty by denying that the freedom of businessmen has significance as a liberty, or by saying that that particular liberty is a luxury which society can no longer afford. If, as I assume, he would justify suppression of free enterprise on the latter ground, it seems to me that those who are still unconverted to a Socialist faith may fairly ask for a fuller development of the justification. As the argument now stands one cannot help wondering whether Professor Laski has in fact moved away from the extreme individualism of his earlier theory of liberty. The critical reader of this volume is likely to feel that the author has created for himself an almost insoluble dilemma: on the one hand, he values freedom so highly that he defends with force and eloquence the right of individuals and groups to reach mistaken conclusions and to misinterpret the scale of civilized values; on the other hand, he believes so ardently in the principles of Socialism that he considers that the destruction of capitalist institutions is necessary if civilization is to survive. I suggest that the difficulties of reconciling the two faiths are greater than Professor Laski in this volume admits them to be, and that his diagnosis of current ills and his prescription of remedies will continue to be somewhat ambiguous until he faces the problem of reconciliation more squarely than he has in any of his recent writings.

The difficulties which I emphasize are, to a large extent, inherent in the problem and inescapable by anyone who is concerned with the basic problems of liberty in the postwar world. Certainly any careful reader of Professor Laski's book will feel that his insights and arguments are more suggestive and persuasive than those which are available in any other contemporary work dealing with these issues. If he is not satisfied with all of Professor Laski's answers he will be greatly in his debt for having been compelled to consider the right questions.

Mark De Wolfe Howe, professor of law at Harvard University, edited the "Holmes-Pollock Letters," the correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock.

Five Clear Eggs

By I. L. Salomon

FOUND: five clear eggs in a flycatcher's nest
on the half-screened porch. I didn't know
as I finished the job on my day of rest
where the flycatcher was as I uttered, Oh!

And what to do with my work complete,
and a nest sheared off the high eave's edge?
(Alerted in her obscured retreat,
no bird dared approach the reachable ledge.)

So I left the door of the porch wide open,
left the nest and the threatened eggs alone,
left in pursuit of my perturbed hope in
the flycatcher's instinct to claim her own.

Unassured, I returned soon after the current
crisis forewarned me all wasn't well;
the eggs, white moons to their five ends, weren't
starred in a brooch of nest hair and shell;

for a ragged tooth's fragment, rough-broken in two,
by the woodchuck's hole at the side of the house
affirmed why the thrush-like flycatcher flew
around and around the dogwood boughs.

Mother-Son Tragedy

OEDIPUS MYTH AND COMPLEX. By Patrick Mullahy. New York: Hermitage Press. 560 *pp.* $5.

By Bertram D. Lewin, M.D.

THE contents of this book are not exactly covered by its title. It is not a monograph covering the Oedipus myth in its variants in different places and times; its latter part consists of the plays that make up Sophocles's Oedipus trilogy. Nor do the 337 pages that precede the trilogy limit themselves to the "complex." The author in this part of the book felt that this could not be accomplished without a nearly complete summary of Freud's psychoanalysis, along with extensive expositions of the theories of Alfred Adler, Carl G. Jung, Otto Rank, Karen Horney, Erich Fromm, and Harry Stack Sullivan, and a very brief "criticism and appreciation" of each of these writers. Where the myth is given insufficient comparative treatment, at least in accord with the reviewer's expectation from the title, the complex is provided with what might possibly be more than necessary comparison, yet the line is hard to draw objectively.

Mr. Mullahy gives a clear synopsis of much of Freud's writings, going beyond the obvious discussion of the Oedipus complex in dream, neurosis, and sexual theory, to outline some of the larger Freudian concepts, such as the theory of instinct and character development. As a synopsis of the works chosen for such treatment, the account has eminent stylistic merits of clarity, conciseness, and for the most important parts, accuracy. Freud's strictly clinical papers, those on technique, and unfortunately his later important contributions on anxiety and defense are omitted from the synopsis. True, they are apparently remote from the Oedipus theme, yet in the larger psychoanalytic framework, it is essential to understand the relation of technique and theory. A realization that the dissident authors quoted do not all use Freud's technique helps explain some of the differences in theory.

The various ways in which the dissident authors formulate the facts included in the general idea of the Oedipus complex are outlined ably, and the general differences in their points of view are commented upon adequately except for the omission of the question of technique and practice.

It lies beyond this reviewer's capacities to criticize the scholarship or merits of the translation of Sophocles. It reads very easily.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Values Since Waterloo

THE AGE OF REVOLUTION: The Rise and Decline of Liberalism in Europe since 1815. By J. J. Saunders. New York: Roy Publishers. 311 pp. $3.50.

By WALTER C. LANGSAM

UNUSUALLY interesting and challenging is this relatively short history of European development and thought since the downfall of Napoleon. It represents the fine fruit of a marriage of abundant factual knowledge and a deep understanding of human motives. Its author is a London history teacher who served in British Military Intelligence during the Second World War. His style is clear and simple. His outlook and values are spiritual and Christian. The thesis of the book is thoughtful, thought-provoking, and skilfully sustained in the text.

Nineteenth-century liberalism, according to Mr. Saunders, was born of the American and French revolutions. It flourished for a time in Western Europe because it there had a threefold appeal: to the rising middle classes eager to win for business freedom from state control, to skeptics and freethinkers anxious to be free of ecclesiastical censorship, and to intellectuals ready to accept a positive philosophical concept of liberty.

In Central Europe this liberalism never gained a strong footing. There, among many Germans, the desire for liberal constitutionalism was confusedly interwoven with a yearning for national unification by any means. And among the heterogeneous peoples of Austria-Hungary, liberal stirrings were overwhelmed by a more powerful craving for national emancipation. In Eastern Europe, finally, during most of the period under consideration, liberalism "was never understood at all."

Even where it seemed to flourish, liberalism soon was put to a severe test by the new problems that grew out of the Industrial Revolution. With its emphasis on political freedom, economic laissez-faire, and religious and intellectual tolerance, liberalism, long before the close of the nineteenth century, seemed in the opinion of many to be unequal to the task of dealing adequately with these unfamiliar and vital problems. More and more of the new voters, falling behind in the ruthless free competition which nearly everywhere accompanied the appearance of the Industrial Revolution, began in their misery to clamor for state control and state regulation of the economic system. The resulting trend toward Socialism inevitably accustomed people to the thought of a more powerful and centralized state.

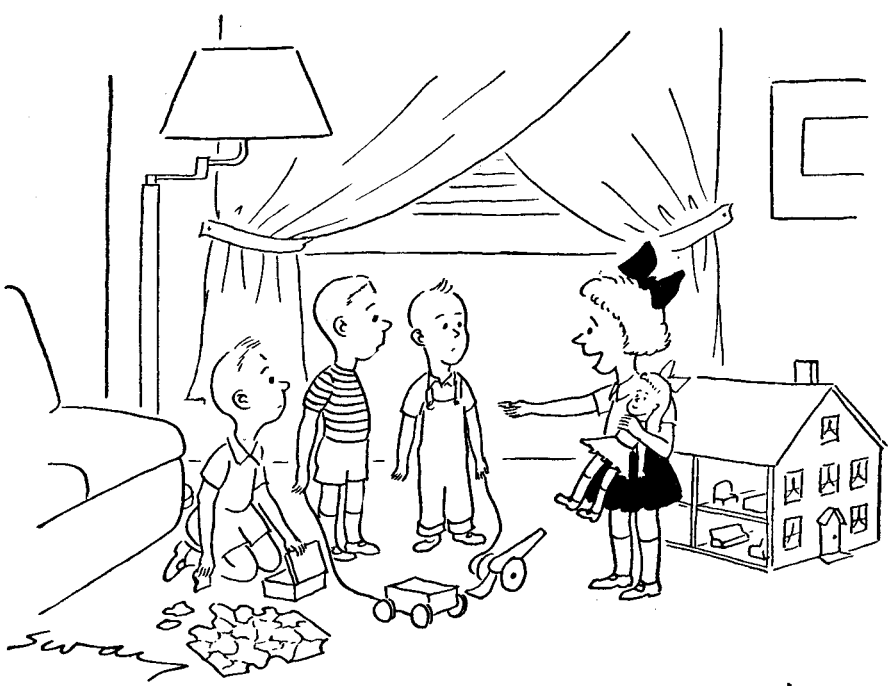
Simultaneously, the prestige of the state was boosted at the expense of the individual and of his rights by the rise of the cult of race, the increasing reliance upon science, and the veritable worship of machinery. And the rapid and parallel decline of religion and of church authority weakened one of the few forces which might have served as a counterweight to the increasing strength of the political and economic state.

Europe by 1914 therefore found itself in a condition of political, social, economic, and intellectual imbalance. The uneven stresses and strains led to a series of diplomatic and military incidents which culminated in the First World War, in a succession of vain efforts to solve by dictatorial and totalitarian means the problems which liberalism had failed to solve, and in the Second World War. Eventually Europe was left shattered, lying prostrate between the USA on the one side and the USSR on the other. And these two giants were the products, respectively, of the early Liberal Revolution and a twentieth-century violent revolt against some of the consequences thereof. It is Mr. Saunders's opinion, therefore, that Europe seems destined "to be swallowed by one or other of the revolutions to which it has given birth." And, unhappily, material satisfactions and gains are paramount ideals of both revolutions.

In summary, Europe, "having emancipated herself from the theological tutelage of the Middle Ages," was unable to find a new set of values to serve as a unifying force of her civilization. Liberalism in wide areas "was slain by the democratic masses which it had itself set in motion." Science could not serve because, having developed sufficiently far, it confessed its chief concern with measurement and its preoccupation with the "how" rather that the "why." Totalitarianism, partly destroyed as a consequence of the Second World War, continues in large areas to assign to the state "the territory that was formerly the domain of individual freedom." The question, therefore, remains "whether the rejection of eternity and the concentration on earthly comforts, the spurning of asceticism and the pursuit of riches, is a gain or a loss to our civilization." Religion, indeed, which alone possesses absolute and personal values, would seem to remain as the final barrier to the omnipotence of the state.

In the development of this theme the book deals penetratingly and at unusual length with the cultural movements of nineteenth-century Europe. It also contains striking pen portraits of such men as Metternich, Bismarck, Marx, Zola, Holstein, and Wilson. The tone throughout is balanced, fair, and mature. And the argument is convincing, for the method is to marshal the facts and let them speak for themselves.

Walter C. Langsam is author of "The World Since 1914," and the recently published "Francis the Good."



"Let's play house. Johnny can be my first husband, Joey can be my second husband, Marion can be my third husband, and this doll will be my adopted child."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN

Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1949, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Speaking of Tests

Dear Mr.—:

The Committee on Un-American Activities is desirous of obtaining lists of approved textbooks and supplementary materials used in your elementary, secondary, and high schools for the year 1948-1949, along with later lists, if available.

Since we have immediate need for this material, the Committee will very much appreciate your cooperation in making it available to us at the earliest possible date.

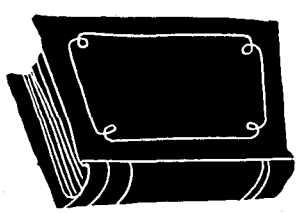
JOHN S. WOOD,
Chairman, Committee on
Un-American Activities.

THE above letter was sent to superintendents of schools throughout the country. A similar letter was sent to heads of 103 universities and colleges. The resultant protest was quick and emphatic. Within the Un-American Activities Committee itself, opposition to the letter developed as several members disavowed any knowledge of or responsibility for the request. The result of all this was a second letter from Chairman Wood to the educators, written in a much less peremptory fashion than the first, explaining that his purpose in requesting the lists was not to abridge academic freedom or to usurp educational prerogatives. The textbook investigation, he said, was actually only a "routine" matter growing out of a complaint entered by two chapters of the Sons of the American Revolution, which apparently regarded some schools as incubators of and for Communism. Chairman Wood closed his letter by suggesting that if the original request seemed to the educators to put them to too much trouble, it would be sufficient if they sent only the lists of the textbooks and omitted the information on the supplementary materials. (Educators had been quick to point out, following receipt of the first letter, that it would take long weeks of work to compile an inventory of every printed item, including library catalogues, involved in the courses of instruction.)

However conciliatory Chairman Wood's second letter was in contrast to the first, the fact remains that the original request stands in substantially unaltered form. Even before discussing the critical issues involved in such a request, *The Saturday Review* believes deeply that educators have the legal right and the moral and political responsibility not to comply. So strongly do we feel that we are prepared to furnish legal counsel at our own expense to any school superintendent or college or university president who decides to stand his ground.

The explanation that this investigation is merely a "routine" check is as implausible as it is self-incriminating. It is not part of the job of educators to put everything aside any time an organization such as the Sons of the American Revolution decides that someone or something ought to be investigated. The power of Congressional investigation is not to be lightly used or interpreted. Before any Congressional committee barges into matters where even the slightest Government interference should be scrupulously examined, and before it makes demand of citizens and public institutions, it is under the severest obligation to understand the limitations of its authority. At the very least, it should give the fullest possible scrutiny to the nature and source of "complaints." If it is "routine" for a Congressional committee to pry into education and literature, then it should be just as routine for citizens to resist what, on the basis of the evidence, seems to be an inexcusable and dangerous intrusion.

The investigation, of course, is being undertaken in the name of national security. Presumably, the textbooks and their authors will be subjected to loyalty tests. We should like to suggest a test in the interests of national security which we consider even more basic and important than the loyalty test. We should like to suggest a combined intelligence test and history test for anyone entrusted with the job of passing upon the loyalty of his fellow citizens. This would most certainly include every investigator in the Department of Justice, every investigator in the special security branches of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and all other branches of Government now maintaining individual loyalty-check units. And, not to be unfriendly about it, we should suggest that it include members of any or all Congressional committees which are attempting to pass on the Americanism or lack of it of persons, places, or things.



THIS suggestion is not born of whimsy. So far as the need for an intelligence test is concerned, we read recently of an FBI agent who reported that he happened to pick up a throw-away handbill in New York City which told of a forthcoming meeting in Madison Square Garden—information which he proceeded to characterize in such a way as would make it appear that he had come across a secret document about an underground meeting open only to a few select subversives. Other reports of the activities of some FBI agents coming to public attention suggest that they may have been more intent, in some cases, to transmit information than to evaluate it or to take the source of the information into account.

With respect to the Committee on Un-American Activities, we think it only fair to expect that any Congressman dealing with questions of such a critically important nature establish his qualifications, to be readily determined by an American history examination. Is the Congressman completely familiar with Constitutional Debates—especially the debates over the potential dangers of Congressional investigations getting out of hand? Is the Congressman well posted on the vital discussions on the principles applying to representative government contained in the Federalist Papers, particularly Madison's warning concerning the need to keep Congress from usurping the functions of the Judiciary? Is the Congressman aware of the blood, sweat, and tears that went into the making of the Bill of Rights? Is the Congressman aware of the rich history behind the seemingly simple phrase "due process of law"? These are questions which are pertinent today on a world scale. One would suppose that the widest and most effective way of combating Communism and other systems which violate those basic democratic principles would be to give such principles absolute and sincere protection in our own country. What will it profit us to fight totalitarianism only to become totalitarians ourselves? —N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Pound-Eliot Controversy

SIR: I cannot tell you how delighted I am with Robert Hillyer's pieces about Pound and Eliot ["Treason's Strange Fruit," *SRL* June 11; "Poetry's New Priesthood," *SRL* June 18]. Like Sister Anne, I have been up in the tower anxiously scanning the road for dust—and all these years, except for Ben Ray Redman's piece ["T. S. Eliot: In Sight of Posterity," *SRL* March 12], I have seen no signs of any rescuing company. It is tragic what Pound, Eliot, and the "new critics" have done to our poetry: to shut, as Mr. Hillyer says, humanity away from it.

When I was young we used to love poetry and quote it; it was a part of our lives, and to discover a poet actually living among us was a great and exciting event. How many young people memorize poetry today? They have been taught to shy away from all the old virtues of love, faith, and charity; and have been handed in exchange a package of cynicism, despair, and semi-scholarly quotations.

ROBERT NATHAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Robert Hillyer's articles certainly hit the nail on the head. To attempt to separate poetry, like painting and music, from the life, thoughts, and actions of the people is the most subtle form of snob-aristocrat, undemocratic, yes, Fascist activity.

H. DAVID HAMMOND.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Thank you for publishing Robert Hillyer's brilliant dissent on the award to the treasonous Ezra Pound. It is, after all, presumptuous to separate the man from his art, since the art is product, expression, and essence of the man.

BEATRICE S. LEVIN.

Madison, Wis.

SIR: Your excellent editorial of June 11 has, I am sure, been received very favorably, but I should like to add my own expression of hearty support for the general principles there expressed. I feel that this editorial may well mark a turning point in attitudes toward poetry and may be a pronunciamento to which future historians of literature will point.

GEORGE R. STEWART.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I am one of those old fellows who think that Keats and Shelley are still good even if one does not have to read a line three times to catch its meaning.

ARTHUR PRICE.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I wish to congratulate you on your exposé of the Bollingen affair through Mr. Hillyer's article and your own admirably straightforward editorial. On this issue the *SRL* indeed shines among its contemporaries, for one of the most sickening aspects of the affair has been, not the silence of critics and commentators—that, as on the part of the award committee, would have been golden!—but their reams of tortured verbosity, none of which more than touched on the real issues which you and Mr. Hillyer have made plain.

LOUIS KENT.

Arlington, Va.

"Sometimes I wish I had never joined that Book-of-the-Month Club."

SIR: An attitude of contempt for the average reader easily passes into contempt for the average man, and loyalty to a literary theory may become more important than loyalty to country. It is not surprising that the Bollingen Award should go to a work with anti-Semitic and pro-Fascist overtones, for the method of the new poetry and the insistence that this is the only authentic modern way of poetic expression are a denial of the free interchange of ideas. "By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms!" But that line was written by Walt Whitman in the days when poets gave more than lip service to human freedom.

ARTHUR M. SAMPLEY.

Denton, Tex.

SIR: After reading Robert Hillyer's excellent first article I suspected that unlike the puerile "new critics" he had more than one bright arrow in his quiver. But to find the second article even more telling than the first was a tremendous experience.

I suppose you know by now the stir these pieces are creating. On one morning of this week alone I have had telephone calls from a professor of Biblical literature at the Jewish Seminary, an instructor of English, a novelist, and a rare-book expert, all glowing strangely with a shared delight that at last Hillyer has said, and so neatly, all that had to be said on the shadow of Eliotosis. I think this community of feeling is inspired by the fact that the articles have accomplished something very little writing does today: it gave us all courage and hope and sustenance.

BORIS TODRIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: "Treason's Strange Fruit" is fair and vigorous; the detailed article, one of *SRL*'s best, is written by a gentleman who is obviously devoted to the qualities of an authentic poetry, and to the aims of an authentic democracy.

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: If the *SRL* should need a defense fund—which I doubt—many, including myself, would contribute to your war exchequer.

BRUNO DAVID USSHER.

San Diego, Calif.

SIR: Robert Hillyer's main points seem to be these:

1. That the Bollingen Award, made to Ezra Pound last February by a jury of the Fellows of the Library of Congress, is named after the Swiss summer residence of Dr. Carl G. Jung, whose attitude towards Adolf Hitler was that of an adult supporter, and that this award was donated to the Library of Congress by Paul Mellon, whose attitude towards Dr. Jung has been that of a sympathetic pupil and follower.

I do not consider this point as being germane to the discussion. Having received the funds necessary to set up this award from the hands of Mr. Mellon, it was the business of the Fellows to administer the same intelligently and honestly—whatever the smirch may have been.

2. That T. S. Eliot, who renounced his American citizenship twenty years ago, was asked to sit on the jury which awarded this prize to Ezra Pound for "the highest achievement of American poetry in 1948."

I quite agree with Mr. Hillyer that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Eliot should *not* have been asked to serve on this jury, since he is no longer an American citizen by birth or by naturalization. If the Fellows were so foolish as to have asked Mr. Eliot to serve, he should have declined the honor.

3. That Mr. Eliot influenced—in fact engineered—the decision of the jury to give the Bollingen Award to Mr. Pound.

This may or may not be true, but it rests on insinuation, not proof—and has little to do with the end result: that such an important prize as this, honoring presumably the highest poetic achievement, should have gone to Ezra Pound.

4. That Mr. Pound's "Pisan Cantos" are very bad poetry, defaced with scurrility and anti-Semitism.

This is a fact. I have read "The Pisan Cantos" and can only account

for them on the supposition that they represent the total collapse—the complete eclipse—of a talent that for a time exercised a very important and excellent influence in American poetry. The rest of Mr. Hillyer's two articles is devoted to a virulent attack upon Mr. Eliot. I happen to believe that Mr. Eliot's work is of primary significance for our time (as Mr. Pound's work is not) and, though I disagree with Mr. Eliot on political grounds, I think Mr. Hillyer has damaged his own case.

5. I do agree with Mr. Hillyer that Mr. Shapiro's dissent from the award to Mr. Pound is fundamentally right. Let me quote Mr. Shapiro's own words: "I disagree vehemently with the principle embodied in the Library press release that to judge a work of art on other than esthetic grounds is to deny the objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest. This is not a statement of principle but an apology; in no case is it a fact that can stand historical or logical inquiry."

Mr. Shapiro is quite right. One cannot—as the so-called new critics would have us do—separate the esthetic effect of a poem from its relation to men in human society. It is this notion, as set forth by the Fellows of the Library of Congress, that invalidates modern poetry as a vital touchstone of human experience, and makes of this award a mockery at the outset. It is this that Mr. Hillyer should have attacked, rather than Mr. Eliot and his poetry. Mr. Eliot, no doubt, has his own ideas concerning the relation of his poetry to a given human, or natural, order of society. That order may not be Mr. Hillyer's, nor is it mine. But Mr. Pound's poetry, especially in "The Pisan Cantos," bears no relation to any society, except that of Mr. Pound himself.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Fayetteville, Ark.

SIR: This generation has been obsessed with T. S. Eliot's "Wasteland" long enough. It's about time someone broke the conspiracy of cultish adoration. Perhaps Mr. Hillyer's second articles goes too far in its wholesale condemnation. I think it juster to recognize in Eliot a definitely gifted, but equally definitely minor, poet and critic. Probably, in the end, he will be remembered more as the latter than the former: a remarkably subtle, if somewhat cranky and opinionated, writer on poetry—and the author of a few very good poems, whose stature has been blown up out of all proportion by their widespread, and often unfortunate, influence.

SHOLOM J. KAHN.

Bronx, N. Y.

SIR: We feel that the issue of the Bollingen Award is extremely important and deserves intelligent consideration, but we also feel that it was not constructive for *SRL* to choose a man of such obvious bias to discuss the prize. Mr. Hillyer's thinking is fuzzy, his critical standards for modern poetry primitive, and his implications, especially in connection with T. S. Eliot, hostile, unfair, and out of place.

Mr. Hillyer's approach to modern poetry might be best expressed in one of his own poems, the lyric which begins:

As one who bears beneath his neighbor's roof
Some thrust that staggers his unready wit
And brooding through the night on such reproof
Too late conceives the apt reply to it. . . .

GERTRUDE SCHAFER.
LAWRENCE SCHAFER.

West Hartford, Conn.

SIR: If Robert Hillyer has discredited anyone in his article "Poetry's New Priesthood" it is himself as a critic. In his effort to stack the evidence against Ezra Pound, he has resorted to a cheap trick completely unworthy of the pages of the *SRL*. He has deliberately falsified Pound's intent. And, to strengthen his position, he has misquoted. Almost anyone acquainted with it regards Pound's "*Winter* is icumen in" as a delightful little parody—certainly one of his better efforts. It is unfortunate that Hillyer should be so lacking in a sense of humor that he sees the poem only as an attempt to "improve" the thirteenth-century lyric.

The case against Ezra Pound is strong enough. There is no need to resort to such underhand tactics and pettiness.

HARRY WILLIAM HOLZHAUER.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Surely even Mr. Hillyer must have snickered when the Cominform declared the music of Shostakovitch insufficiently Communistic. Indeed, if Mr. Hillyer's assumptions are to be taken seriously, we shall now be compelled to reexamine the classics of Western culture not only for their political but also for their theological bias. And when we begin to check literature for its theological as well as its political orthodoxy, the fun will really begin!

J. L. MCNAMARA.

Roslindale, Mass.

SIR: If you wish to attack Mr. Pound and/or Mr. Eliot it would be wise to employ a competent critic for the purpose. Mr. Hillyer's little-snapping-dog variety of criticism is as puerile as his neo-Pre-Raphaelite poetry, and as laughable. Your editorial is a more competent kind of unfairness. If you could match the new critics' (especially I. A. Richards's) ability to read the whole poem instead of reacting to individual words and phrases, you might see that Mr. Pound's documentation of a sensitive man's viewpoint is valuable experience. Surely we are old enough to read it. And if you think Pound is obscure and fragmented, remember that contemporary critics found Browning difficult because of a certain wealth of allusion and obscurity of sentence structure. Really, your magazine ought to grow up.

KATHERINE WARE.

Portland, Ore.

SIR: Mr. Eliot's reputation, not built in a day, will not be destroyed in one, or by one man's bitter diatribe, smacking as it does of a very personal jealousy. If Eliot's reputation is built on sand—I don't believe it, but mine is as personal and warm a feeling as Mr. Hillyer's, and as irrelevant—time, not the present critics or enthusiasts, will prove it. But meanwhile silly remarks will get us nowhere—as, for instance, that Eliot's "nebulous divinity" is based on the present-day vogue for expatriation (isn't Mr. Hillyer about twenty years behind on his vogues?) or that he has chosen England because it is "elegant," one word I have *not* heard used to describe present-day Britain. It would make a lovely cartoon in *Punch*.

And now I am ranting. But, you see, I am angry. Because I, a housewife, not an intellectual and not a bit elegant, who love and constantly reread Eliot's poetry for the great beauty and wisdom and labor I find in it, have been called a poseur, a snob, practically a Fascist.

YVONNE R. PORTER.

Albany, N. Y.

SIR: I feel impelled to lament the publication in a hitherto admired periodical of an article which because of its tone and contents is utterly below the standard of any publication other than a sensational tabloid. As an intelligent reader I consider myself affronted by this outpouring of nonsense and maliciousness, fit only for a rabble-rousing sheet, not a serious literary magazine. Mr. Hillyer's tissue of *non sequiturs*, irresponsible emotionalism, disgusting chauvinism, critical obtuseness, and personal irritation, can serve only to confuse, not to enlighten.

. . . . Readers of *SRL* have a right to expect that an emotional appeal to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patriotism and race prejudice be not used as a pretext for an attack upon a great literary figure like T. S. Eliot. Mr. Hillyer's article reminds me of what H. L. Mencken wrote about William Jennings Byran: "His whole career was devoted to raising . . . half-wits against their betters, that he himself might shine." In backing up Mr. Hillyer's article, the editor and publisher apparently assume that there are an appreciable number of half-wits among the subscribers to *SRL*.

GILBERT CHASE.

Mount Holly, N. J.

In Defense of Jung

SIR: Dr. Jung was never a Nazi. Is there no one on your staff sufficiently fair-minded to have checked the general sense of his writings against the malicious impression of them conveyed by such a collection of quotations as Mr. Hillyer produces here? One of these quotes is not from Dr. Jung's work at all but from an interview (Dr. Jung's account of Hitler's point of view, here so twisted that it is made to appear his own); and all of them are taken out of contexts which if given more fully would have conveyed entirely different impressions. Detailed corrections and explanations of all these passages can, of course, still be offered; but they constitute dull reading. Such refutations never draw public attention in the way that defamatory allegations like Mr. Hillyer's are sure to do.

JANE A. PRATT.

Bridgewater, Conn.

SIR: While he very appropriately protests against the award to Ezra Pound of the Bollingen poetry prize, Mr. Hillyer is guilty of spreading one of the most incongruous rumors that have oozed out of the witches' brew of the war, to the effect that Dr. Carl Jung was a Nazi sympathizer during the prewar years and until the defeat of Hitler.

The idea that Dr. Jung was a Nazi arose from a confusion between the International Society for Psycho-Therapy, whose organ the *Zeitscrift* was published in Germany, and the German branch of the Society. When Hitler came into power, he ordered that Jews be excluded from membership in German professional societies and the editors of all German magazines be required to sign an oath of allegiance to the regime. The president, a German, resigned and the vice president, Dr. Jung, a Swiss, was urged to take over. In order to maintain an organization through which the ideas of psycho-therapy might exert some slight restraining influence amid the rising madness, Dr. Jung agreed. He immediately set about the formation of national branches whose union should compose the International Society. Thus the German branch could obey its government without involving the rest of them. It so happened that the head of the German branch was a doctor by the name of Goering, a cousin of the infamous Hermann. In the issue of the magazine in which the Nazi oath was printed, appeared also Dr. Jung's inaugural article. This gave rise to a rumor that he, though a Swiss, had somehow subscribed to the oath. About that time Dr. Jung said to me, "I am a psycho-therapist, not a politician, and whatever contribution I have to make to this sick world will be in psycho-therapy. Therefore I do not talk politics in Germany, for that would only end my chance to be of any help with psychological teaching."

Another thing that Dr. Jung, whom Mr. Hillyer considers an anti-Semite, put through as president was to open the International Society to individual members as well as to national groups. This was for the purpose of giving a scientific home to the Jews, whom Hitler had disqualified from membership in their national group.

Finally, I would like to say that for about thirty years I have been in fairly close contact with Dr. Jung and have talked with him about these matters both orally and by letter. I can state positively, from first-hand knowledge that, after the first few years when a dead Germany came alive under Nazism, he has deeply felt the tragedy being heaped up for the whole world by all that totalitarianism implies. His Nazi propaganda activities are simply non-existent. During the time just after the Harvard Tercentenary, when he was supposed to be engaged in that activity, he was staying with us at our home on the Maine coast, giving a brilliant seminar on psychological integration, every word of which was utterly incompatible with Nazi philosophy.

Is it not time for the irresponsible mud-flinging at such a man to end?

ELEANOR BERTINE, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The column and a half which Mr. Hillyer devotes to labeling Dr. Jung a Nazi reek so of misinformation and misinterpretation that for me Hillyer's position is seriously weakened, in so far as his conclusion depends on Jung ever having been pro-Nazi. Several of Jung's writings on the subject are familiar to me, and when he was in New Haven in 1937 to deliver his lectures on psychology and religion I heard him express opinions exactly the opposite of those Mr. Hillyer attributes to him. It is the old story of lifting isolated sentences from their context which makes Dr. Jung appear to approve that which he really abhors. If an analyst interprets and explains a movement in the light of mass psychology, it does not mean that he necessarily condones the manifestations of that movement—any more than a scientist who subjects an epidemic of bubonic plague to miscroscopic scrutiny is necessarily in favor of spreading bubonic plague.

IRVING NORTON FISHER.

New Haven, Conn.

A Letter from Dr. Harding

SIR: In mentioning my book "Psychic Energy" Mr. Hillyer prefers to rely on a most misleading review rather that to read the work for himself and form his own judgment. These methods are surely not up to the standard usually maintained by writers for *SRL*, nor does the whole digression from the subject of his article improve Mr. Hillyer's thesis, with which, incidentally, I heartily agree, namely that the award of the Bollingen prize to Ezra Pound is a most unfortunate, and indeed incredible, mistake.

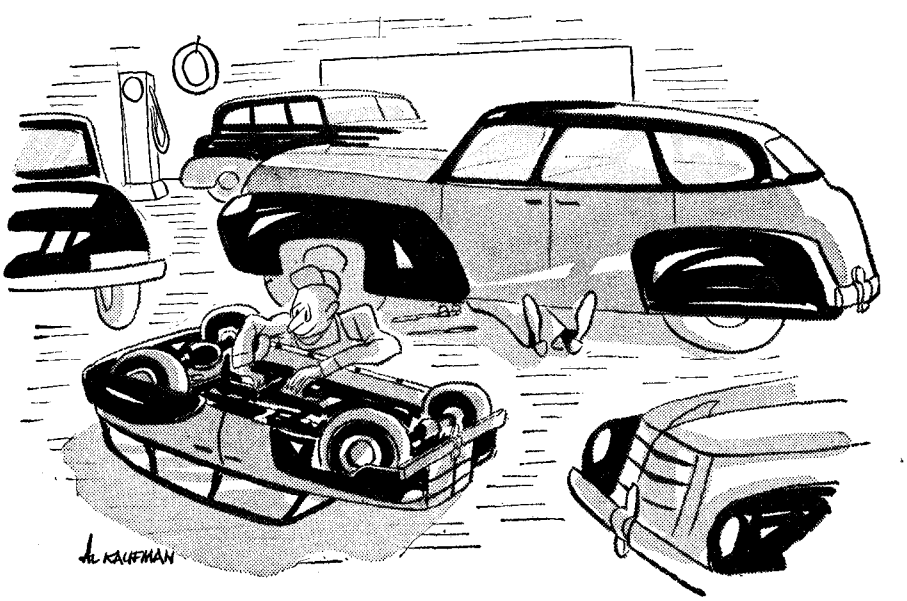
M. ESTHER HARDING, M. D.

Bailey Island, Me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The greater part of Dr. Harding's friendly letter is devoted to a defense of Jung. We regret that space does not allow us to print her point-by-point analysis of the anti-Jung charges made by Mr. Hillyer.*

Homosexual Minority

SIR: Since I am a homosexual, it was with the greatest pleasure that I read Martin S. Curtler's letter "Homosexual Minority" [*SRL* June 4]. Mr. Curtler aptly compares the suffering of the homosexual minority to that of Jews and Negroes, who also suffer for what they cannot help. In many ways I feel that the suffering of homosexuals is worse. Jews and Negroes at least are not persecuted to the point that they feel that they must move underground. They do not feel called upon to conceal their identity. And not even the most bitter Negrophobe argues that the Negro, by vast moral resolutions and contortions,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should change his Negroid characteristics.

Homosexuals certainly know full well that they did not will themselves into homosexuality. Sexological opinion confirms the fact that homosexuality is innate and unchangeable. An outstanding doctor in one of the two leading clinics in the United States recently told me that "homosexuality is neither a medical problem nor a psychological problem; it is a sociological problem." In other words, it is the obligation of society to make the homosexual (as well as the Jew and the Negro) feel like an honorable, beloved, and wanted member of society rather than like an outcast; then there will no longer be the dishonest concealment, the dual personality, the marriage for camouflage, and all the other cruel subterfuge that is the homosexual problem.

In fact, it is high time that all of us should throw off our masks and stand forth fully and vitally as ourselves. It is high time that we should be considerate of one another regardless of what we are. That is the only way that human relationships can ever be conducted as an honorable business.

Thus, if you will be good enough to permit me, I proclaim myself a homosexual. I am happy and proud to be so. It was nature's intent.

VERNON ALBERT WARD, JR.

Southold, N. Y.

SIR: As a homosexual, I know what it is to be forced to conceal an important facet of my personality day-in-day-out, year-in-year-out. The small deception, the ready-made smile or remark, the stereotyped "right" reaction, the incessant genuflection to rugged masculinity—I have all the mechanics of concealment down pat. None of my friends or associates knows or even suspects my abnormal sexuality over which I have no control. The tightly organized social routine in the small town where I live has thrown me, much to my constant amazement and concern, into an engagement with a brilliant young woman whose love I can never reciprocate. I must either marry her—and I'm not heel enough to do that, although it would be the easy way out—or leave my home town.

While lunching with my boss one day last month, a patently feminine young male (scion of an old, influential local family) entered the restaurant. Snapped my boss: "A damned queer—I can always spot one." I think my heart skipped a beat before I was able to murmur some socially acceptable cliché in mutual condemnation of "queers."

In brooding over homosexuality, I often think of it as analogous to a mathematical problem a professor once gave my trig class: after we students had spent hours and hours of our spare time on it, the professor laughingly explained to us that the problem had no solution.

N. S. A.

Small Town, U. S. A.

SIR: Mr. Fairchild is unfair in his letter about homosexuals [*SRL* June 18]. I doubt if any dwarf who reads his letter will thank him for his ascription of "excessive vanity" to "the average dwarf." I would like to ask Mr. Fairchild this question: If he were in a position where it was necessary for him to fight an enemy who outnumbered or outweighed him, would he not arm himself as best he could against that enemy? I would suggest that what he calls a "superiority complex" and "vanity" are actually the bold front which persons who are considered peculiar use as armor against insensitive people who cannot or do not try to understand them. Unfortunately, without this armor and with an inferior attitude and appearance anyone would be inviting persecution from the more ignorant and heartless members of society, who, I fear, outnumber and outweigh homosexuals and dwarfs combined.

MARTIN S. CURTLER.

Gloucester, Mass.

Works in Progress

SIR: In preparation for a biography of James Whitcomb Riley for the American Men of Letters Series I should like to have copies of letters, unpublished poems, newspaper clippings concerning James Whitcomb Riley; also, to hear from anyone who has memories or knowledge of the poet, both as a poet and as a personality. I am interested in all matters pertaining to Riley.

MARGUERITE YOUNG.

William Sloane Associates, Inc.
119 W. 57th St.
New York 19, N. Y.

SIR: Arnold Bennett's highly successful tour of the United States in 1911 will be remembered by some of your older readers. I should be glad to hear from any among them who had transactions with him, literary or social, at that time. I am writing a biography of him and should welcome any recollections and, particularly, copies of any letters from him.

REGINALD POUND.

Apple Tree, Rodmell,
Lewes, Sussex,
England.

The Case Against Lewis

SIR: Wyndham Lewis's piece on rootlessness [*SRL* May 21] is based upon a profound, incredibly profound, ignorance of this country and its people. Few Englishmen have ever managed to go so utterly wrong about a matter of vital importance, and Mr. Shaw was certainly right when he said "two peoples divided by a common language." (Some of my best friends are English, of course.)

It's all right if a whole flock of British intellectuals descend upon us, and even if they give lectures, except with the Oxford accent, but why don't they just admit they are more comfortable here and stop talking rubbish?

Of course, I am a Southerner with Indian blood, and all Southerners, dear Mr. Lewis, with or without Indian blood, are *rooted*. In this respect they are exactly like Vermonters and the citizens of the other states that make up this odd, but very entertaining, nation.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

New York, N. Y.

Early Struggles

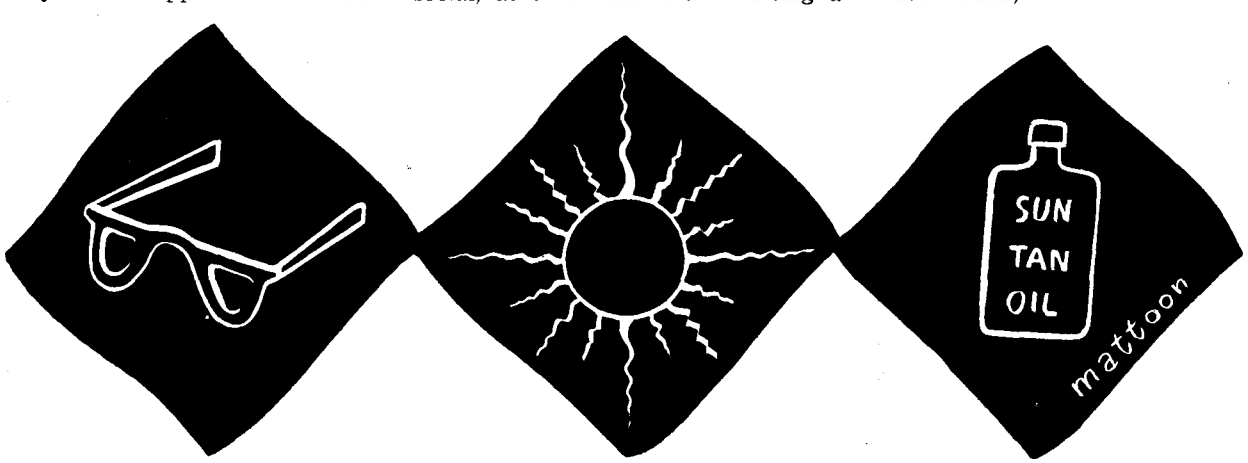
SIR: What, may I inquire, is your editorial policy on Early Struggles? Are they interesting, or are they dull?

My question is prompted by these two passages in your issue of June 25:

> "Like other success stories, the best part of the Hadden biography is the beginning, when the going was toughest. Men generally become less interesting as their fame and fortune grow." (Page 4, Bennett Cerf on Noel Busch's book about Briton Hadden.)
>
> "One of the nicest things about the autobiography of Billie Burke is that it retails no early struggles. Early struggles are so much the lot of most of us that they make for rather dull reading." (Page 17, Patricia Collinge on Billie Burke's book about Billie Burke.)

SVEN AHMAN,
Dagens Nyheter.

New York, N. Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

PLEASANT AGONY—II

DID I confess two weeks ago that writing is for me a pleasant agony, and state some of the difficulties I face in keeping these columns fed? I threatened to discuss others. Being true to my threat, I touch upon them now. Time is one of these; time in the sense that it confronts a writer for a magazine with a special problem.

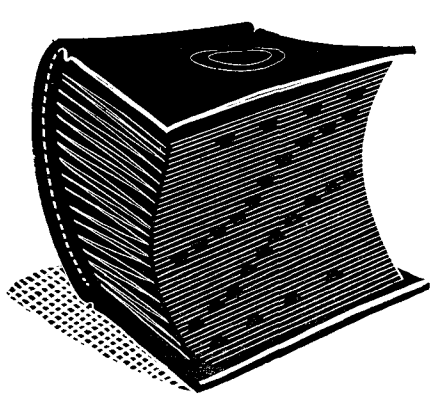
Newspapermen, accustomed to meeting daily deadlines, must think it absurd for a fellow on a weekly to mention time at all. Compared to the one frantic hour, or even two or three hours, of enforced fluency at their disposal, the seven long days I have, if need be, in which to do my stint must seem to the daily boys the life-span of a Methuselah. No wonder they might be inclined to sneer at me for daring to speak of pressure, or mutter, "How much time does he want? What does he think he's writing anyway?"

Once I would have shared their astonishment, had anyone told me it could take the better (or is it the worse?) part of a week to get a review done. Once I would have laughed at a schedule so leisurely and a pace so snail-like. But that would have been during those thirteen hard-driven years before the war when, in ways at present mysterious to me, I also managed to meet daily deadlines, first on the *New York Evening Post* and later on the *World-Telegram.* Now, however, I know that, as surely as the daily journalist fights against the clock, the weekly journalist must contend with the calendar. Both are the victims of time, the one because of having too little, the other because of having too much (though never enough).

In my newspaper days—and nights—I used to read, and reread, with envy the sentence with which Matthew Arnold introduced his essay on Amiel and his "Journal." It ran, "It is somewhat late to speak of Amiel, but I was late in reading him." As a man who was the thrall of what had happened last night; as a person whose job naturally did not permit him to be "somewhat late" in seeing, reading, or writing anything; as someone then laboring furiously under the tyranny of news, this lead by Matthew Arnold seemed to me an expression of the finest and most desirable kind of journalistic freedom. It still does. But, now that the *SRL* (bless it!) has granted me something of this same freedom, I have come to realize such freedom imposes its own responsibilities.

Newspaper reviewing and columnizing, especially when the theatre was the only subject allowed me, was quite different. It was bound to be so. It was at once far more arduous and much simpler and, if I may say so, not nearly so much fun. It had its agreeable aspects, however. One of these was the Western Union messenger boys, oldish men most of them with a G.A.R. look. Since I worked with evening papers with offices far downtown, these messengers were merciful enough to stop by my apartment every night to pick up the copy.

They would jab the front doorbell with an energy at once frightening and insistent, and were always in a hurry. Their coming meant there was no chance to rewrite, to alter, to discard, or to add. What I had written before their arrival was hurriedly marked for the printer and no less speedily folded into an envelope. Off it would go beyond recall; off until the next noon when I would be confronted with it on the newsstands. Time after time, this confrontation left me sick of heart, mind, and hope, and feeling slightly ill. My one desire was to stay in hiding all that day. Yet, even while in hiding, I would console myself by saying, "It's not really my fault. It's the messenger's. If only he had come half an hour or an hour later, my stuff might have been what it ought to have been and what I wanted it to be." The truth is I miss those nightly messengers. By



appearing no longer they have robbed me of a soothing alibi. Now I have no one to blame for the inadequacies of a week's work except myself. This means my periods of hiding are not as brief as they once were.

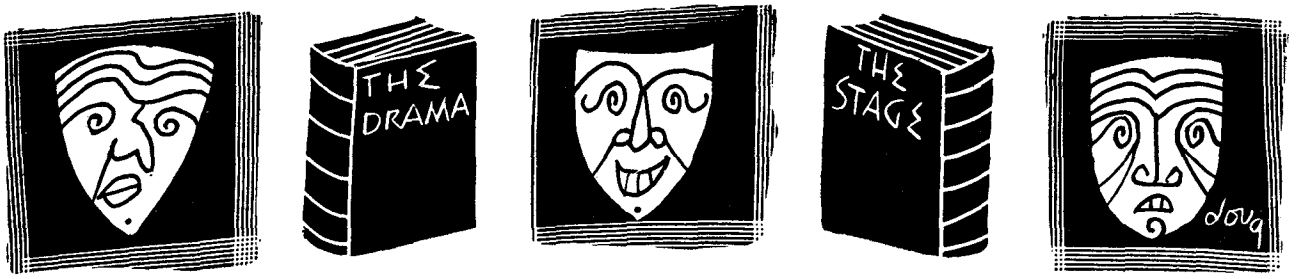
There were other consolations in a daily deadline. For instance, there was the mere phrase, "Last night at Such-and-Such a theatre," which, because of the hocus-pocus of journalistic ritual, had to be incorporated somehow or other in the introductory paragraph of almost every play review I wrote. This used to irritate me mightily. My conviction was that the subhead covered such a temporal fact. But the fact, even the phrase, was not without its simplifying advantages.

NEWS interest, as well I know, supplies copy with water wings of undeniable buoyancy. Although a real news story does not write itself, it does not have to be written carefully to possess interest. A daily review, regardless of what else it may be and frequently is, is bound to be news, good or bad. In itself this helps the writer on many a tired night. This I also know well, because in moments of fatigue, inanition, apathy, confusion, or mental paralysis I often used to take advantage of it.

The more a first-night review sticks to the point, the better. Its job is to cover a specific opening, not go beyond it. It is written hot, not cold; written as a reflex to an experience just had rather than from a re-created or treasured emotion. (Count this another aid.) Once a satisfactory lead has been found that will establish the tone and mood of the opinion stated, its outline is almost provided for it by those inevitable topics which in turn must be touched upon—the play, the acting, the direction, the settings, the costumes, and the music, if there is any. The sooner a first-night review has its direct say, and hence proves its serviceability to the reader, the better. Unlike articles appearing in a national magazine such as the *SRL*, newspaper notices are chiefly written for the use of those living in the towns where they are printed. However agreeable they may be as reading, they are meant to do a definite, practical, and immediate service for the reader.

New Yorkers, for example, may or may not be devotees of criticism. But they are prospective ticket-buyers. Understandably, they want to know if what has just opened is something which they would be wise to see or avoid. Their first concern (and often their last except, perhaps, on Saturdays or Sundays) is whether the critical light is green or red. Reading quickly and not without self-interest,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



they are the more apt to forgive the worn-out phrases upon which the writer who writes quickly is sometimes forced to rely.

All these props, which once I knew and leaned on, have been snatched away from me by the very freedom I now relish on the *SRL*. The sustaining interest of spot news; a single assignment written of from the heat, indifference, or indignation of the moment; the reader's curiosity about a first-night verdict; yes, and even those messengers who by snatching away my copy used to provide me with a solacing alibi—all these, as I say, are now denied me. But from my own point of view there are compensations, and these are as large as the challenges which go with them.

Poverty might but horses could not drag me back to daily reviewing or newspaper work. Or, for that matter, to writing only about the theatre. My debt to the *SRL* is a genuine one. The *SRL* has relieved me from the constabulary duties which must be done, night after night, for the theatre's sake as well as the public's, and which my confreres perform with incredible patience and skill. It has spared me from having to sit before those dreary ineptitudes, those costly and dispiriting barbiturates, those utter time-wasters and monumental bores which seem bound to form so large a percentage of every season's offerings. It has permitted me to put away the flit-gun which has to be used on so many of Broadway's fly-by-night productions and which once upon a time I enjoyed using myself.

It has allowed me to pick and choose, to write about only the better plays or those which, though failures, were interesting in their faults. Above all, it has not limited me to the theatre. Each week it has left the choice of subject up to me, and given me full latitude in everything I have written. Parental experiences, the more significant films, the Nuremberg trials, Ernie Pyle, the UN, Mayor La Guardia as a broadcaster, London revisited after the war, the plight of Negroes in Detroit or in a little town in Iowa, the comics, good conversation, a school teacher seen many years later, Addison and Steele, Woollcott, Edith Hamilton, Robert Sherwood, and Charles Lamb, even one of the Little Rollo books which I came upon more tardily by far than Matthew Arnold stumbled upon Amiel—the *SRL* has tolerated these and many other subjects from me under the heading of "Seeing Things."

If it were not that each week the writing of these pieces had to be done, I would have to thank the *SRL* for providing me with the ideal set-up. But the writing must be done, and trying to get it done in a manner that in any way justifies such freedom is where both the pleasure and the agony come in.

There was a time when the theatre as theatre seemed to me all-absorbing. That, however, was before the war. Though I still dote upon it at its best, even at its best it no longer interests me merely as theatre. For me, as for many another, the world has forced open the windows that once seemed securely shut, and it is for draughts from this outer world that I now look even in a playhouse. The point of a weekly article, regardless of its subject, is, as I see it, to keep these windows open.

As impatient readers may have observed to their annoyance, I no longer try or want to write a review which is a notice and only that. If I lack the inclination to do so, I think I also lack the excuse. The cream of the news has been skimmed off long before I come to my desk and even longer before the *SRL* appears. Sometimes, I admit, what emerges is a straight notice. But when this happens, it is contrary to my intentions. Endeavoring, no matter how unsuccessfully, to do something more than that involves an effort, an approach, and a method which are very different from daily reviewing, as my happy and unfettered years on the *SRL* have taught me.

My hope each week, even when "covering" a play, a movie, or a book, is to be led by the specific instance from the particular to the general. This means attempting (please note that I say *attempting*) to reflect as well as to react, to apply no less than to report, and to use a topic not as an end in itself but as a springboard to something larger. It means searching for the overtones, parallels, and implications suggested by a subject, and not limiting myself to the subject itself.

The real work of weekly columnizing lies, I find, not in the actual writing, hard as that is for me, but in the getting ready to write. In other words, it lies in the quest for a point of view, hence a point of departure, which is not dependent upon news as news. My deadline being what it is, I do not come to my typewriter hot from the thing seen, though naturally I struggle to retain or recapture something of that first heat. I have the time to live with my reactions for two or three days and nights, to let them simmer in my thoughts, to rummage in my mind and memory for experiences or illustrations which have a bearing on the subject discussed.

If I dare to be discursive, my digressions are deliberate and to me relevant. Their aim is to widen the ripple of application, to extend the subject by following up the hints it has given. For what I struggle to write here each week is an article which, though it may not manage to become an essay, is in intention at least nearer to the essay-review than to the review.

The *SRL* has made it possible for me to write of what I want to write about and to avoid having to have my say on plays, pictures, or books which have said nothing to me. The fact that I do not swat flies as jubilantly as once I did does not mean I have grown benevolent (or is the word mellow?). It means merely that fly-swatting is no longer one of my chores.

Shaw in his reviewing days once insisted that the artist who accounted for his personal disparagement by alleging personal animosity on his part was quite right. "When people do less than their best, and do that less at once badly and self-complacently," he fumed with that delectable immoderation which can be his, "I hate them, I loathe them, detest them, long to tear them limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform." Shaw's point was that the man with a genuine critical spirit "becomes your personal enemy on the sole provocation of a bad performance, and will only be appeased by a good [one]."

Although I share his fierce point of view fiercely, and trust I remain the implacable foe of the bogus, the pretentious, the empty, and the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Air-Conditioned. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with Robert KEITH
William HARRIGAN Murray HAMILTON
ALVIN Thea., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

Another great picture joins the select company of memorable attractions for which the Astor is distinguished.

The
LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT
production of
LOST BOUNDARIES
BEATRICE PEARSON
MEL FERRER
Under the Direction of ALFRED L. WERKER
An RD-DR Production
Released by FILM CLASSICS, INC
AIR-CONDITIONED
NOW • ASTOR Cont. Perf. Late Shows
B'way & 45th St.

mediocre, the longer I live the more convinced I am that the most challenging function of criticism is rising to appreciation rather than excelling at denunciation. It is easier by far to hold the attention while damning than when praising. If this were not true, so many conversationalists would not be considered witty whose sole equipment is malice. The bludgeon, the nightstick, the axe, the bazooka, and the flame-thrower are weapons every critic should have in his armory. But criticism of the arts, which as I see it is bound to be a criticism of life, would be a dull and sorry business were it prepared only to stalk, attack, and extinguish.

Although the heat of proper indignation or contempt is a heat both necessary and healthy, it is not by any means the only heat with which I, for one, would choose to have my copy warmed. There are the juices, the joys, the pains, the dilemmas of living, and something of these I wish I could capture. This is why the jargon of the so-called "new critics" repels me. It has no compassion, little humanity, and less gaiety. It is arid, bloodless, and absurdly, cloyingly overspecialized. It does not flow from the heart but trickles from the head, and only a small part of that. It is written from books rather than life; written, and most successfully written, to be unreadable.

I deplore this other approach to writing because I belong to a different, more conciliatory school. Without shame I confess I am a writer who would like to be readable and read. I do not ask or expect to be agreed with. The only truth I can state (and it takes struggling to get it half stated) is a personal one. Accordingly, I have no other choice than to write personally. What a man is is the basis of what he dreams and thinks, accepts and rejects, feels and perceives. It is, too, the stuff from which he writes. If he can speak with any accuracy for himself, he may speak with some accuracy for others. But only if he interests them. It is in the hard, hard rockpile labor of seeking to win, hold, or deserve a reader's interest that the pleasant agony of writing again comes in.

I could go on at greater length about the problems of keeping these columns fed. The subject is not exhausted, but I am certain the reader is if he has got this far. Since exhausting a reader is one of the most serious sins of which an author can be guilty, I ruefully crave forgiveness. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

(This is the second of two articles on some of the problems of columnizing.)

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949
death of a Salesman

Morosco Theatre West 45th St.

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
with ANNE BURR
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL
Prepares for COLLEGE and WORLD CITIZENSHIP
• 160-acre campus near Flagstaff, Arizona. Integrates college preparation with training for citizenship and world cooperation. Required courses enriched by work projects and *field trips to study inter-cultural* relations in Mexico and on Indian Reservations, economics and government in nearby cities, geology in Grand Canyon, etc. Languages stressed. Riding, skiing, other sports. Full college preparatory course from grade 6, for boys and girls. Applications accepted now for fall term. Catalog on request.
Hamilton Warren, Dir., Box 110, Sedona, Arizona. New York Office: 205 East 42nd Street.

Book Mss. Welcomed
Every author delights in a best seller, but even a book with a limited audience can prove profitable when expertly promoted. We publish books of every classification; submit your ms. now, or write Dept. D for free literature.
VANTAGE PRESS
35 So. William St., New York 4

JUST OUT!
MEET GOD
by Ruth DeBertram Allen
Ways that man—from primitive to modern—has sought and found his God. $1.25
FALMOUTH PUBLISHING HOUSE
Portland, Maine

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND books supplied; also genealogies, town histories, incomplete sets completed, back numbers all magazines, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of book-wants—no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. S, New York 19, N. Y.
We also buy old books, magazines, prints, letters, documents, etc. Send us your list.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Film Councils at Work

EARLY last fall, in Spokane, Washington, the young, community-minded director of audio-visual education of a local university became concerned over the haphazard manner in which community groups obtained and used 16mm. sound films in their programs. Casual inquiry revealed that few program planners had ever heard of the better educational and informational films now available. Most of them, he found, were totally unfamiliar with local film sources, and had little training or experience in the effective use of films and film equipment. He talked informally with some interested friends—the local public librarian, the program director of the YMCA, a local school principal. They decided that some kind of a cooperative effort was indicated to improve the accessibility and use of good films in their city. More people were called in, and the result was the formation of the Spokane Film Council—a coordinating body that now embraces representatives of more than sixty local agencies and organizations. In the first six months of its existence, the Council helped set up a card catalogue of the more than 2,000 titles now available in the Spokane area, which is kept in the Public Library. It conducted monthly film screenings and put on demonstrations of good film utilization. Last April it brought its first year of activity to a fitting climax by holding a film festival featuring twenty carefully chosen non-theatrical films.

Spokane is just one of more than 170 communities (in thirty-eight states and the Territory of Hawaii) where "the film council idea" is being put to work by representative local groups. Autonomous in character, organizationally fashioned to fit the individual needs, resources, and interests of their respective communities, these local film councils are primarily concerned with encouraging the use of films and filmstrips as tools for learning and understanding. Convinced that films have a unique and potent usefulness in the advancement of the education of young and old, their members are working to coordinate film information, improve local film distribution facilities, provide opportunities for film previews and for training in film evaluation and use.

Now a little over three years old, the film council movement is largely an outgrowth of community experience with 16mm. films during World War II. Under the leadership of a National 16mm. Advisory Committee, thousands of volunteer groups were organized all over the country to show films relating to the war effort. When this program was completed in 1946 many community leaders said in effect: since films have proved so useful in wartime in helping us to work together, clarify our common objectives, and acquire needed new skills, we should use them to help tackle the many problems that face us in the postwar period. Organized cooperation, *at the local level*, seemed the best way to begin—and the community film council was on its way.

Like any genuine grass-roots movement, initial local film council leadership varied widely from community to community. In the little town of Allegan, Michigan, a minister was the prime mover. In Lompoc, California, a recreation director provided the spark. The research director for the local Council of Social Agencies and the audio-visual director in the public schools teamed up to get the Rochester, New York, Film Council on its feet. A club woman rallied support for the idea in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, and a P-TA chairman put it to work in Colton, Oregon. Impetus came from a librarian in Kalamazoo, Michigan; an industrial engineer helped set up a council in Cleveland.

Individual film council programs reflect a wide range of interests—as well as no small amount of ingenuity and energy. The Film Council of Atlanta —one of the first to be formed—has a particularly distinguished record of achievement. Last fall it sponsored a monster program on the community use of films during National Audio Visual Education Week, involving demonstrations of film use, displays of equipment, etc. Special radio broadcasts and newspaper articles carried news and commentary on the event to all parts of the state. In Delaware County, Pennsylvania, the local film council has just completed a series of eight demonstration film forums on current topics. (It spent a good part of its first year of existence raising funds for a projector.) At Gary, Indiana, the film council's monthly meetings are planned around films on specific community problems—sex education, mental hygiene, traffic safety, etc.—and a special effort is made to bring in the leaders of groups and agencies for whom these problems are a matter of special concern.

Recognizing that many groups are discouraged in their use of films because of the improper or inept way in which they are projected, many local councils have instituted training programs designed to improve the quality of "showmanship" in volunteer operators. In at least one small community, plagued by a high incidence of film damage, the establishment of a certification committee within the local film council to test and issue certificates to volunteer operators, had salutary results. In another—Houston, Texas—members of the local film council are encouraging high-school students to become expert projectionists and serve community groups by presenting "Certificates of Award," with appropriate ceremonies, to those who can pass certain prescribed tests.

The Louisville Film Council is cooperating with the public library and other agencies in planning an experimental series of televised film forums.

How to Do It

IF THERE is no film council or active film committee in your community, you may want to help start one. Further information can be obtained from the Film Council of America, 6 West Ontario St., Chicago 10, Ill.

A series of helpful how-to-do-it pamphlets available from FCA headquarters covers the following subjects:

How to Form a Film Council
How to Obtain and Screen Films for Community Use
How to Conduct a Survey of Community Film Needs and Resources
How to Organize a Community Film Information Center
How to Organize and Conduct Community Film Workshops
How to Conduct a Community Film Forum
How to Evaluate Films for Community Use
How to Organize a Film Festival

Single copies are 15¢; series of eight, $1. Film forum leader guides and special film lists are also available at a nominal fee.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far as is known, this is one of the first attempts to use television to demonstrate a film based on discussion technique, and if successful it may forecast a widespread use of this new medium for that purpose.

In the average community today, most club or organization program planners have had no real experience with the better 16mm. films now available, out of which they can make satisfactory judgments for their own particular program purposes. How many of the readers of *SRL*'s FILM FORUM, for example, have an opportunity to preview any of the films reviewed in it before using them? Local film councils, particularly those in smaller communities, are meeting a real community need by providing, cooperatively, regular screenings of important new films. In this connection an increasing number are finding in the community film festival a dramatic and effective device. The Chicago Film Council is generally given credit for originating the idea two years ago, when it presented on seven successive evenings an ambitious Films of the World Festival featuring important documentary and educational films—both 35mm. and 16mm.—produced in this country and abroad. A year later the Cleveland Council took up the idea, and using only films that could be procured locally, sponsored a one-day festival, which aroused citywide enthusiasm and has been made an annual event. One of the most successful of recent festivals was conducted in the town of Kingsport, Tennessee (pop. 14,000), where special committees of the local council screened more than 120 selected films in order to choose the forty used for exhibition at the one-day festival. More than 500 community leaders, club chairmen, and teachers turned out on festival day to see films in such varied categories as "World Understanding," "Recreation," "Religion," "Education," "People and Places," "Marvels of Nature," and "Problems of Living."

In some of the smaller places—Casper, Wyoming, and Greenville, North Carolina,—film councils have been instrumental in establishing community film libraries, and in larger cities—Rochester, New York, is a good example—they have occasionally played an important role in helping the local public library to broaden its services to include films.

One of the most useful and also the most obvious functions these local film councils perform is that of keeping their members "in communication" with one another. Through monthly meetings, and through regular bulletins members are kept informed of new films, given program suggestions, etc. The Newark, New Jersey, Council has done a particularly good job in this respect issuing a monthly *Film Council Notes*, which contains film reviews. In Dallas, the film council is working with a local newspaper to publish reviews of important 16mm. films.

Local film councils keep in touch with one another's activities through the Film Council of America, a nonprofit, educational organization which sponsors the movement in this country and serves as a clearinghouse of information about it. The FCA, which last year received a two-year grant from the Carnegie Corporation in support of its activities, publishes a monthly newsletter on local council activities, gets out occasional film lists and program aids. Last fall it issued a series of pamphlets—based on local council experience to date—on such subjects as film forums, festivals, film workshops, film evaluation, the establishment of information centers, and the conduct of community surveys.

The great strength of the film council movement lies in the fact that it is community based. The men and women who are working in it share two common faiths. They believe that films and other audio-visual materials have an enormously important role to play in increasing the individual's understanding of the world around him; in helping him to make those adjustments in himself and in his human relationships which will enable him to live a socially useful and personally satisfying life in a rapidly changing world. But they also believe that individuals, and the groups with which they are associated can and must learn to choose for themselves, from among all the films available, those best suited to their individual needs and interests.

The film council movement might be defined as a growing and determined effort on the part of the people of this country to (1) make good films and other useful audio-visual materials readily accessible where they live, and (2) learn how to select them wisely and use them effectively in programs for the common good. In so far as progress is made toward these goals the ever-present danger that films will become increasingly a medium for mass exploitation and indoctrination will be greatly diminished. And films will begin really to come into their own as the unique instruments of popular enlightment.

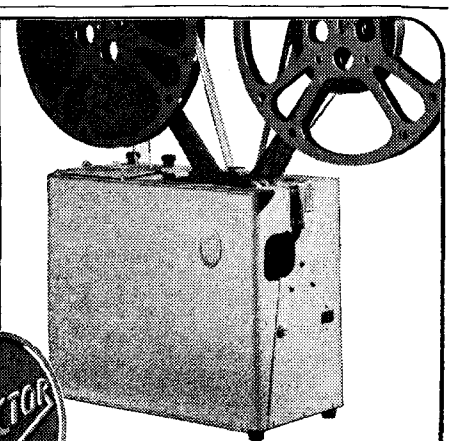
—GLEN BURCH.

For more than a year Glen Burch has been executive director of the Film Council of America.

VICTOR

16mm SOUND MOVIE PROJECTORS

Unequalled for Entertainment and Education



Priced as low as $295

For a world of entertainment and education, select the 16mm sound films you prefer from FILM FORUM...and select the Victor you prefer from a complete price range of popular models. For as little as $295.00, you can get world-famous Victor tone quality, picture brilliance and always-dependable performance.

Victor
Animatograph Corporation
A DIVISION OF CURTISS-WRIGHT CORPORATION
DEPT. S-79, DAVENPORT, IOWA

MAIL TODAY

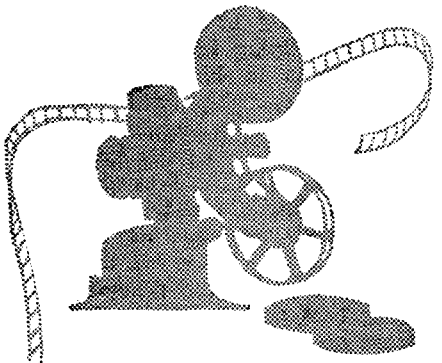
I will appreciate receiving the following:
☐ Latest 16mm film information and film sources
☐ Further information on 16mm sound movie projectors.

NAME_____

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY AND STATE_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A monumental study of the film as a medium of education

Experiments On Mass Communication

By C. I. HOVLAND, et al.

Volume III in STUDIES IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY IN WORLD WAR II. Editorially sponsored by the *Social Science Research Council.*

WORLD WAR II provided the American Army with a world-wide laboratory for the use of films in teaching . . . for both ideological indoctrination and technical instruction.

Experimenting on an unprecedented scale, War Department agencies produced a body of material which vitally concerns everyone interested in the educational uses of motion picture techniques. Restricted until the end of the war, this information was then released to a brilliant group of sociologists and social psychologists to be studied and evaluated. It is now available to the public in one complete and authoritative volume which points the way to greater use of the film in directing social forces. Complete charts and tables.

355 pages, $5.00

At your bookstore,
PRINCETON
University Press,
Princeton, N. J.

The Film Forum

SPONSORED FILMS — ***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Non-theatrical film production is expensive and the more-than-$64 question has always been: "Who will foot the bill?" In the United States the best documentary and educational films have been paid for mainly by educational and other non-profit institutions and foundations and by Government agencies. Industrial and commercial organizations in other countries, particularly Great Britain, have led rather than lagged in the sponsorship of highest quality 16mm. films for public use.*

In the United States, the sponsored film has acquired the synonym of "free film"—from which one can make secondary inferences that the sponsor felt free to load his film with as much blatant, if not obnoxious, advertising as could be crowded in, leaving the public free to take it or leave it alone.

If the public has very little say regarding the quality of these films, producers for the most part have been told to keep quiet too. Thus the problem is left in the hands of the sponsors themselves. The film reviewed below, like "The School that Learned to Eat" (SRL March 12), gives promise and hope of a new trend toward better industry-sponsored non-theatrical film production.

SEMINOLES OF THE EVERGLADES

Produced by Alan Shilin Productions. Sponsored by the P. Lorillard Co. 1949. Available from Alan Shilin Productions, 450 W. 56th St., New York, N. Y (21 min., color)

This film tells the story of the Seminole Indians, who sought seclusion and independence in Florida's swampy everglades and who now are being forced into a new world and a new way of life. After retreating into this swampland to escape American armies which sought to remove them to the new Indian Territory in Oklahoma about a hundred years ago, the Seminoles found more than adequate protection against their human enemies. But nature provided other dangers: the coiling coral snake, deadliest creature of North America, the diamond back rattler, and the ever-present alligator. The Seminoles were able to survive in this almost uninhabitable region, building their villages on the flat island-like hills of dry land. Their homes, ingeniously planned to suit the environment, are the only dwellings which have been able to withstand the seasonal windstorms and hurricanes.

One of the most exotic and colorful in the United States, the everglades region provides beautiful camera material. And we learn that only a few things from the white man's world have been accepted by these Indians: tobacco, first smoked in pipes of tribal ceremony now being replaced by the white man's cigarette; the hand-operated sewing machine, which is used to make intricately colored garments for the tourist market; the air boat, a flat-bottomed boat driven by an airplane propeller, permitting travel through the swamps at the speed of fifty miles an hour, and the headlight, a storage-battery device worn on the Indian's head, in coal miner fashion, to hunt frogs for Florida's wealthy restaurant patrons. Little else of the white man's world has penetrated into the Seminole world.

But this nearly private world is fast disappearing. Reclamation projects are draining the land to make it habitable and arable, thus drying up the waterways which for years have been the Indian's only roads. The Seminole is losing his seclusion, his home, and his livelihood. In this connection the U. S. Office of Indian Affairs (which cooperated in the production of this film, as did the Everglades National Park Authority), is attempting to help the Seminole adjust to a new geography and a new world. Indians are being trained in cattle-raising, and reservations may obtain loans with which to start operating their own ranches. Economic problems are not the only ones. There are matters of health and education to be worked out if the Seminole is to become a useful and happy citizen of the white man's world, which he has so long avoided.

The film's introductory title states, "Out of gratitude to the people who gave tobacco to the world, the P. Lorillard Company presents this film as a public service." The film has almost everything to recommend it: excellent color photography, a pleasant and simple continuity, and subject matter which can hardly fail to interest all audiences. Neither superficially traveloguish nor overbearingly didactic, the film achieves a successful blending of the surface tourist sights and the sociological implications behind them.

Good as the film is, there are one or two uncomfortable moments of mawkish romanticizing about a bewildered Indian in the big city who finds companionship in a carton of cigarettes he buys at a drug store. Since this is the first of a series of films on the American Indian (a second film on the Hopi tribe is scheduled for next year), we can hope that it will be eliminated in future.

The ideal sponsored film is yet to be made, but "Seminoles of the Everglades" takes several firm steps in that direction. It should give the sponsors, producers, and the public something to think and talk about.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1953: TARGET OR MILESTONE?

(*Continued from page 7*)

people, produced the depression and mass unemployment of the 1930's.

Not that all European leaders, by any means, blindly accept the idea that Socialism *à tout prix* is the universal panacea. Indeed, there is a marked tendency in Europe today to stress not only the benefits of social services in conserving "human capital" and in preventing resort to the extremism of Right or Left, but also the cost of Socialism. This cost, one hears repeated from London to Prague, must be paid not by "squeezing the rich," whose ranks, in any case, have been depleted by the general impoverishment resulting from war, but by increasing production. The 1949 manifesto of the British Labor Party, "Labor Believes in Britain," will be regarded by future historians as an uncommonly significant chapter in the development of Socialism: for it places the accent not on redistribution of the resources of the rich among the poor, but on higher productivity.* "Up with Production," it proclaims, declaring: "The wealth of Britain is only what we ourselves create. Unless we continue to increase production as we have done in the last four years, we cannot improve or even maintain our present standard of living; our people cannot be fed or clothed or rehoused; the social services cannot advance or even survive; and our national freedom and independence cannot continue." There can be no advance, the manifesto adds, without effective partnership between government and industry—a slogan to which American businessmen as well as British Socialists, might subscribe.

But, we might ask, is it possible under Socialism to find the capital necessary for reequipping Europe and raising its standards of production and living? With this problem Europeans are wrestling in both West and East. The European Economic Commission reports that the rate of real capital formation in Europe has been increasing at a rapid pace in the past two years, but still remains about one-half of the equivalent figure for the United States; and Eastern Europe, relatively backward and primarily agrarian, with the notable exception of Czechoslovakia, lags behind the advanced, highly industrialized nations of Western Europe. Of the total 1948 investment in fixed capital in Europe (excluding Germany) Britain and France accounted for about one-half. The greatest increases in the rate of net investment in relation to 1938, however, occurred in France, Yugoslavia, Sweden, and Hungary. In all cases high priority has been given to investment in heavy industries and transportation, with low priorities assigned for consumer goods industries and agriculture—a pattern of investment that before 1939 was often regarded as peculiar to the USSR.

How could this pattern be altered? One possible approach would be to persuade European countries which are still primarily producers of food and raw materials—notably in Eastern Europe and the Balkans—to reduce or postpone their current plans for industrialization, and devote more of their resources to the modernization and expansion of agriculture. Such a proposal, however, would not be favorably received by the USSR and its neighbors as long as present international tensions continue, since it might mean perpetuation, at least for some time, of the existing disparity in economic development between East and West, with all the

*"Labor Believes in Britain: A Statement on Policy for Discussion at the Labor Party Conference at Whitsun, 1949."

"uncannily timely"

The books that call the turn in Russia's undercover war

DAVID J. DALLIN'S

The Rise of Russia in Asia

An acknowledged authority clarifies Russia's emergence as a great Asiatic Power. $5.00

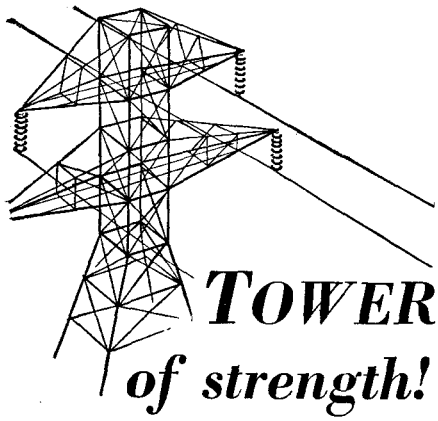
Soviet Russia and the Far East. $5.00

At all bookstores • YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven, Connecticut • Publishers of *The Yale Review*

"An adventure story that is head and shoulders above the current crop . . . magnificent."
—Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago News*
PLAYTIME IS OVER
By CLYDE BRION DAVIS
3rd Printing • $3.00
at all bookstores
LIPPINCOTT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TOWER of strength!

That's the gas and electric business in this country! Turn page after page in our new review of the industry—"Utilities"—and you'll see why it's a business that must always grow with our living standards, population—can't even be hurt much by depression because houses still have to be heated, meals cooked, rooms lighted.

That's why we think there's so much interest in this industry now—why we feel you might want a copy of "Utilities" yourself.

It starts with a brief history of gas and electricity, traces their tremendous growth since World War I. Then it focuses on electricity . . . cites facts and forces affecting cost trends, sales, production, outlook.

There's a clear explanation of the "peak load problem"—and how it's solved . . . a good look at government competition, the REA, and *their* influence on the industry.

Then the booklet does much the same thing for gas . . . stresses important factors to consider . . . points up the startling expansion expected as natural resources are exploited.

It covers government regulations on returns, tells why the "death clause" of the Holding Company Act often means new life—and shows by actual example how earnings on the common stock capitalization of a utility can easily run to well over 10%!

The booklet ends with some general advice to investors . . . lists selected issues for four different objectives . . . and gives detailed reasons for choosing each issue.

If you already own public utility securities, or have "just been waiting" for a sound opportunity to invest, we think you should read "Utilities". It tells a powerful story—and is yours for the asking. Just write—

Department TL-42

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 96 Cities

dangers this might spell in case of war. Another approach would be to urge all European countries to abandon their present efforts to develop balanced industrial production within their national boundaries and instead turn to increased industrial specialization and coordination of national investment plans. Such coordination, aimed at balanced development for Europe as a whole rather than for individual national economies would, in the opinion of the Commission, yield a better return on capital investment.

WHAT are the prospects for economic integration of Europe? Some American spokesmen have urged the recipients of Marshall Plan aid to form an economic union by 1952. The United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce declares that unless the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) proceeds immediately towards this goal, Europe and the United States will be doomed to the fate anticipated in its fictional headlines. The United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, taking a bearish view, bluntly states that so far little has been done in the direction of counteracting the marked trend toward autarchy by a conscious effort to integrate the separate plans and policies of the ERP nations. The question might well be asked in this country, however, whether the regional coordination advocated by some Americans would not involve a far greater degree of planning than exists today, and thereby still further reduce the area of free enterprise. Both here and in the OEEC the further question might be discussed whether integration of the highly industrialized Western European economies, which depend in such a large measure on outside sources of food and many raw materials, can be compared with the situation existing in the United States, which possesses a rare and fortunate combination of industrial, agricultural, and raw material resources.

If really effective economic integration is to be achieved in Europe, it will have to include both the industrial West and the agricultural

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HE DIDN'T MIND DANGER *Michael Gilbert* (Harper: $2.50)	Ex-Commando officer McCann helps Scotland Yard break up murderous jewel-robbing mob headed by elusive master mind.	Deceptively naive style doesn't mask swift, violent, pawkily humorous tale of stern chase of desperate men on the loose.	Good grade
TOUGH COP *John Roeburt* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Retired N. Y. top-flight detective celebrates leisure by helping beautiful gal, breaking sundry bones and solving several slayings.	Swift, tough action, with scenes both violent and sultry, effectively disguise not unfamiliar gambit.	Ten-minute egg
THE GIRL WITH A HOLE IN HER HEAD *Hampton Stone* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Fantastic N. Y. home of wealthy and neurotic family scene of murders subtly solved by Asst. D.A. Jeremiah Gibson.	Feverish mixture of dipsomania power-complexes and other vagaries—but with sane, likable, and perceptive detective.	Agreeable
BLOOD AND THIRSTY *Frances Bonnamy* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Mr. and Mrs. Bonnamy, honeymooning on Maine coast island, are plagued by sinister events culminating in murder. Then Peter Shane arrives.	Attractive background, wealth of queer characters, two plots deftly entwined, unperturbedly efficient sleuth, and surprising finish.	Very good
THE DARK RIVER *Philip Clark* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Possible suicide and two murders in and near Carolina coast mansion capably solved by matter-of-fact local detective.	Tense mixture of emotion, violence, and rule-of-thumb detecting, with hapless wife of first casualty suffering for spouse's misdeeds.	Feverish

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

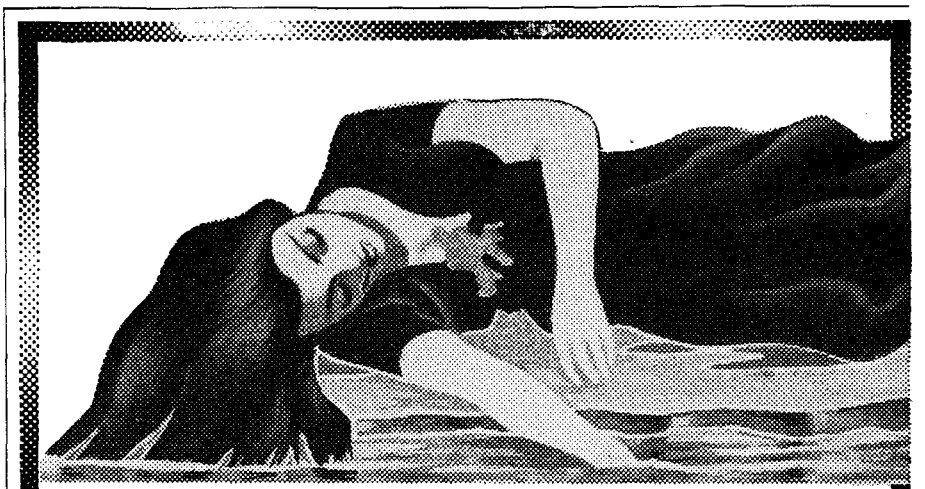
and raw-material-producing East. As a starter, a greater expansion of East-West trade than has occurred since the war must take place. But here a vicious circle sets in. For, as the European Economic Commission points out, the countries of Eastern Europe, which can furnish food, timber, and some raw materials to industrial nations like Britain and Sweden, cannot expand production unless they obtain machinery from the West. Nor, it adds, can Germany make the highest possible contribution to the development of the East if it remains divided, its two parts trying to integrate with economies which are competitive rather than complementary—the highly industrial Western Germany oriented toward industrialized Western Europe and the more largely agricultural Eastern zone toward Eastern Europe. It is interesting to note that in 1948 trade between Eastern and Western Europe, excluding Germany and Austria, reached 63 per cent of the 1938 level; but if Germany and Austria are included, only 42 per cent of the prewar volume was attained. Nor has trade between Eastern European countries and the USSR, although considerably expanded during the postwar period, risen to a volume as large as their prewar trade with Germany. Thus both Germany and Eastern Europe stand to gain by expansion of East-West trade—and this gives the Soviet Government an important trump card with respect to the Germans. But before there can be unrestricted freedom of economic exchange between East and West, the specter of war must be laid, and with it the present export licensing policy of the United States, which bars the export to Russia and its neighbors of any items capable of increasing the Kremlin's war potential.

In whatever is done to normalize Western Europe's trade with Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, and, ultimately, Africa, the United States, for a number of reasons, will remain the paramount factor. This country, together with Canada, controls a large share of the world's food trade and therefore exerts a major influence on food prices, whether it keeps them up with price support policies or permits them to fall. If the United States should experience a depression, it will be less willing to increase imports from Western Europe. If it maintains a high industrial output, it will offer stiff competition to countries like Britain and Germany in other available markets, notably Latin America. Unless major changes have occurred in world trade by 1953, the American people will thus be faced with three alternatives concerning Europe, all bristling with difficulties:

(1) We might have materially to increase imports from Western Europe, to the tune of some three billion dollars—the estimated amount of the deficit in trade between Europe and the United States upon termination of the Marshall Plan. The chief difficulty is that, as the European Economic Commission survey points out, Europe's exports to the United States were traditionally restricted to a few specialized items and, in 1937, the share of European manufactures in total American consumption amounted to only about six-tenths of 1 per cent.

(2) We might undertake to do what many Europeans heartily wish we would do—and that is voluntarily curtail our exports to other markets where we compete with leading industrial nations of Western Europe, notably Latin America. The chief difficulty is that this would not only call for a spirit of self-sacrifice rarely displayed by any nation, but would also probably make it necessary for us to introduce planning and control in foreign trade—a procedure that would presumably be unpalatable to all who support free enterprise. The European Economic Commission candidly emphasizes a point that few Americans have squarely faced. It is that in 1953 the United States will face "the anomalous prospect" of having surpluses and excesses of production capacity in commodities for which it has, through the ERP, helped to develop substitute sources of supply in Western Europe.

(3) We might continue to give aid to Europe for an indefinite period after 1953 by subsidizing our exports to that area, as we are doing under the ERP. By 1953 this alternative may appear the least distasteful of the three to Congress and the American people. However, it is not regarded by Europeans as an entirely satisfac-



Dallas, Texas is the background
for this newest and most exciting
PAT ABBOTT adventure in murder

THE
Flying Red Horse

by **FRANCES CRANE**

author of BLACK CYPRESS, THE INDIGO NECKLACE, etc.

At all bookstores, $2.50 RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory solution because, as the European Economic Commission survey states, the emergency character of American aid tends to perpetuate various emergency measures taken by other countries, and defeats our own long-term plans for revival of multilateral trade through the International Trade Organization by obstructing progress toward freer and less discriminatory trading conditions. The Commission believes that the most desirable form of post-ERP financing by the United States would be a major program of capital investment abroad for specific development projects over a period of time, with funds which would not be tied to expenditure on American goods. This proposal immediately raises the question whether such financing would have to be undertaken by the American Government (which would mean more Government planning and control), or be left in the hands of private American investors, who, judging by the Code on International Investments recently issued by the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, would, under present unsettled world conditions, expect Government guarantee of capital invested in Europe.

Judging by information so far available, it is clear that Europe is well on the way to hitting the target of recovery by 1953. What is not yet clear is whether 1953 will also mark a milestone in long-term economic cooperation between Europe and the United States.

Vera Micheles Dean, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, has recently returned from a two months' visit to France, Western Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Britain. In Paris she gave a course at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques on USA foreign policy, with special reference to the Marshall Plan.

AMERICANA

(*Continued from page* 19)

rezano to Meyer Berger. The selections have been made to overemphasize human exploitation and class conflict. This is in itself a falsification of the American past. What is really offensive about Mr. Plenn's book, however, is the long series of introductory notes, which are straight out of the gospel of Marx-cum-Lenin. Here is a well-slanted text for Commies and fellow-travelers, but it has nothing to do with American history.

Conquering the Air

FLIGHT INTO HISTORY: The Wright Brothers and the Air Age. By Elizabeth Freudenthal. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 268 *pp.* $3.75.

By Fred C. Kelly

FOR persistent inaccuracy, basic misconceptions, and distortions, this book should set some kind of record. The errors begin right off, in the introduction. In 1896, the author says, "practical flight in a heavier-than-air machine was actually just around the corner. . . . The single elements were all available." Nonsense. Though the ten years before '96 had been a period of unusual activity, the results had not been encouraging. Vital "single elements" were *not* available. Wings of enough aerodynamic efficiency, an adequate method for maintaining equilibrium (still in use even on jet planes), knowledge that the rear rudder was a balancing rather than a steering device, screw propellers of predictable performance —none of these was available until the Wrights provided them.

A main theme of this book is the Wrights' relations with Octave Chanute, historian and bibliographer of aviation, with whom Wilbur Wright carried on a long correspondence. The author would make it appear that the Wrights were taught by Chanute. The truth is, as a reading of the Wright-Chanute letters in the Library of Congress will show, that Chanute learned vastly more from the Wrights than they from him. Much of the correspondence consisted of explanations by Wilbur Wright of what he and his brother were doing, and Chanute's comments. Chanute's encouragement, not scientific data, was his great contribution.

This book pictures a "race" between the Wrights and the early flyers in France. But French aviation started from revelations by Chanute in Paris in 1903 of technical details of the Wrights' 1902 glider, in which they had solved much of the problem of flight. Those early French machines all used the Wrights' discoveries. Reports in France of what the Wrights were doing in 1904-05 were not readily believed because seemingly too wonderful to be true.

The author presents the Wrights as unreasonable obstructionists for suing patent infringers, but gives scarcely a hint that the Wrights won all their suits; nor does she hint that the royalty demands were modest. (When one flyer, now a famous manufacturer, acknowledged his debt, the Wrights did not even send him a bill.)

She exonerates the War Department for failing to investigate the Wright plane when it was first offered, saying the refusal was "an accurate reflection of the public temper." If the public lacks important knowledge, then the technical experts should avoid such knowledge also!

She seems to have only the haziest notion of what caused the Wright-Smithsonian controversy, and makes the preposterous statement that Orville Wright sent the first plane to England to get "revenge." He did so to force a correction of history.

She says the Wrights made no public flights after 1903 until 1908. They made many flights eight miles from Dayton in 1904-05 in a field bordered by two highways and an inter-urban railway.

Besides such major misinterpretations as these, the book is crowded with minor errors too numerous to list here.

Fred C. Kelly is author of "The Wright Brothers," "George Ade: Warm-Hearted Satirist," and several other books. He also writes a syndicated editorial column called "Kelly-grams."

Saying I Died

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

WHEN I recall a heartbreak . . . any one,
And each was genteel murder . . . when I take
The fire-edged blade unto my breast again;
Endure in full the need time cannot slake
For all its vaunted palliative magic,
Then heartbreak is austere and fine and tragic.

But when beside the pain I calmly set
Its mortal inspiration; name the reason
For such unstinted suffering; admit
For whom I bled a midnight or a season,
Saying I died for this or that one thus,
Then heartbreak's bawdy and ridiculous!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
STRAVINSKY: SYMPHONY OF PSALMS (1930). CBS Symphony, anon. chorus, Stravinsky. Columbia *LP*: ML 4129 (½) (With "Symphony in Three Movements.") *Comparison*: (SAME) London Philharmonic Chorus and Orch., Ansermet. Decca ffrr EDA 52 (3)	The new Stravinsky-led version, like his old one (CX 162), is chamber-style, close, dry, with the peculiar choral sound he clearly prefers—small group of rich, tremolo-type, trained voices. Ansermet's, symphonic style, has larger British chorus with typical well-blended, "flat" tone. Perhaps not so authentic to Stravinsky's own ideas—S. is no idiomatic choral writer—this is tonally a more easily intelligible musical sound. The new Stravinsky version is gorgeously clear and sharp, fine brass, sibilants. Ansermet also, but with usual ffrr acoustics: softer, more resonant.	
BEETHOVEN: QUARTET IN C MINOR, OP. 18, #4. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor DM 1308 (3)	Recorded in England, this is superior to the good U. S. recordings this group made—closer, cleaner, better tonal range, yet nicely spacious.	I'd call this as satisfactory a performance as you'll run into and worth trying even as a supplement to existing versions.
MOZART: SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND KEYBOARD. Alexander Schneider; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Columbia *LP*: SL 52 (2) Vol 2: MM 811 (4)	A successful LP edition except for rather high level, as in 78 rpm version; overcutting makes extra "ghosts" a few times. Use plenty of roll-off (tone control) on wide-range machines.	Two more of these (K. 302, 306) make "standard" Vol. 2, and the whole set of five is now on LP. Purist arguments are pointless—they might have been played thus *or* with piano. This version is a musical treat.
MOZART: SERENADE FOR THIRTEEN WIND INSTRUMENTS, K. 361. Members Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1303 (4)	Best Tanglewood recording to date. Good wide range, with woodwind "edge" and excellent spaciousness adding much to the musical effect. Considerable improvement over the older Fischer version (RCA album 793).	Not having heard a reportedly superior European version, I find this a most adequate projection of wonderful music. Rather sharply tailored—but this isn't soft string music! Old Fischer set is quite similar.

NUCLEAR HAZARD?

SINCE the report here on the Omegatron static remover (*SRL* June 4) a number of warnings have come in. I have enough assorted information to make a fairly positive statement.

The Omegatron is a special application of a general industrial product, the Alphatron static removing material. In spite of the manufacturer's use of the words "strip of radioactive polonium," there is, especially on this home model, only an extremely tiny amount of actual polonium, plated on a metal base and covered with a very thin layer of gold for protection.

Alpha rays as emitted by polonium are harmless and non-penetrating. However, polonium itself is extremely dangerous when taken into the body. The industrial Alphatron foil or bar is a potential hazard if touched or treated carelessly, though the polonium is apparently quite solidly anchored. However, it would seem that the Omegatron as now made is perhaps less dangerous than the much publicized beryllium-carrying fluorescent lamp used throughout the country, which when broken can inject its poison into the tiniest cut. My Omegatron description was a bit simplified—the active strip is encased in a wooden frame under a piece of coarse wire screening and only the extreme ends of the base can be touched at all. (For those who have the brush a simple precaution—cover each end with a layer of transparent cement.)

Note well that poisoning is possible only on the basis of actually absorbing some of the polonium, not via radiation. In adult hands there is, I'd guess, hardly a chance in a million for danger. I would keep Omegatron away from children who might like to dissect it, manually or dentally. Further comment from experts will be welcomed.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Newsweek BOOK SHELF

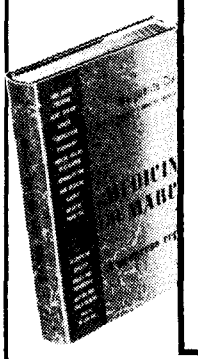
Newsweek's first book

JUST OUT!

Newsweek's outstanding medical editor brings you the miracles of modern medicine the new cures and techniques

which may be of literally life-and-death importance to you and your family

FROM the nation's top medical specialists, from the laboratories, hospitals, and research centers comes this down-to-fact, up-to the minute book of guidance for laymen and doctors alike. Comprehensive and well-written, this practical book is by one of the outstanding science writers of America and emphasizes the great advances made in medicine in the past 5 years.



CONTENTS

- High Blood Pressure
- Heart Disease
- Cancer
- Tuberculosis
- Psychiatry
- Child Mental Health
- Rehabilitation
- War Medicine
- Allergy
- Infantile Paralysis
- Alcoholism
- Epilepsy
- Drugs & Techniques
- Mother & Child Health
- Health in Old Age

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH

A PROGRESS REPORT

by Marguerite Clark

Head of Newsweek's Medicine Dept.

The July selection of the Non-Fiction Book Club

At all bookstores $3.50, or direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
153 East 24th Street, New York 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURE

JULY and August are the months when boys and girls get more out of a good book than at any other time during the year. On days when the rain falls and only the more daring spirits venture out of doors, on days when the shade of a cool porch or a spreading tree is more enticing than the glare of sunlight, in periods of rest that follow active sport they read to enjoy and the love of reading develops, as it should, in an enriching leisure.

Here, the editor of BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE and two of her reviewers offer some good adventure stories that they have selected from the year's output. They are for both boys and girls, and they cover a wide age range. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

BUSH HOLIDAY. By Stephen Fennimore. Illustrations by Ninon MacKnight. New York: Doubleday & Co. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

This unusual story tells the adventures of Martin Haddon, an American boy who went alone from Melbourne, Australia, to the remote "bush" to stay with the Macleods on their ranch —"Tangari." It is a well-told story with interesting characters and a background unfamiliar to most American boys and girls. The scene when Martin is lost in the bush and manages to take care of himself until help comes will appeal to young people who have had Scout and woodlore training. The romance between Martin's mother and the glamorous owner of a nearby ranch is somewhat unreal, but both Martin himself and young Penny Macleod are likable and convincing. The illustrations by an Australian artist clarify the bush country that is so well described in the text. The book won the *Herald Tribune* award for the best book for older boys and girls published between January and May 1949.

SEA BOOTS. By Robert C. DuSoe. Illustrated by Arthur Harper. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 186 pp. $2.50.

This won an honorable mention in the *Herald Tribune* awards—and deserved it. It is a vigorous, well-written tale of tuna fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. Young Pedro Fernandez, the son of a fisherman, stowed away on the *White Star* and, during the long, strenuous voyage, became a member of the crew and a fisherman in his own right. Pedro is an appealing character, and the captain, Sparks, the radio man, Smitty, the cook, Canero, who caused so much trouble aboard, and even Zippo, the ship's monkey, are all lively and interesting. Mr. DuSoe is the author of "Three Without Fear." Both stories have a lasting value.

HOLIDAY MOUNTAIN. By Lloid and Juanita Jones. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 208 pp. $2.50.

The scene of this story is a camp in the Rocky Mountains where a family of five live all the year round, taking paying guests during the season. The responsibility of it all falls on Tom, the oldest boy, when his father is injured in an accident. Payment is due on a mortgage and Tom, his mother, and the two younger members of the family set out to run the camp, make and sell the Christmas wreaths, and pay off the mortgage before their father comes home from the hospital. The background and atmosphere of this mountain retreat are excellent and every character in the story rings true, including Bungry, the huge St. Bernard dog. It is a fine story of family unity and courage, with a dash of humor added to make it more entertaining.

THE BELLS OF BLEECKER STREET. Written and Illustrated by Valenti Angelo. New York: The Viking Press. 186 pp. $2.50.

Against a background of Greenwich Village we meet young Joey Enrico, who has an Italian father and an Irish mother. It is in the closing years of the Second World War and Joey's father is fighting with the American Army. It is a vivid, humorous tale of a typical New York boy whose world is bound by Bleecker Street and Sheridan Square. It is, too, a valuable record of the war's end and the coming home of the soldiers. It is generously illustrated with Valenti Angelo's characteristic drawings.

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FISH: A Story of the Cornish Fishermen in Maine. By Gertrude Robinson. Illustrations by Frederick T. Chapman. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 207 pp. $2.50.

One of a series of historical novels for boys and girls, this tells the story of Chris Toney, the son of a Cornish fisherman who, in the seventeenth century, comes to what is now Portland, Maine, and starts there a fish-curing plant like the one that they had left behind in Cornwall. This reviewer can remember no other story of these hardy, adventurous men and women who came to the New England Coast to make their living from the sea. It is good to have this one, not only for its historical value but for its vital characters and its fine continuity. Format and illustrations are most satisfactory.

SONG OF THE PINES: A Story of Lumbering in Wisconsin. By Walter and Marion Havighurst. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 205 pp. $2.50.

This is one of the best and most honest stories that this reviewer has ever read of a boy from another country who became a citizen of these United States. When a friend of his father's gave Nils Thorson in Norway a handful of American earth, Nils put it into his pocket and started out with the Svendsen family to make his living in the forests of North America. The story takes him across the Atlantic and through the water-route from New York to the West. Fresh in treatment, convincing in background, without sentimentality, it is a tale of adventure that never flags. It is sure to be widely read by American boys and girls. We wish that it could be translated into Norwegian. There could be no better bond between the two countries than Nils's story.

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER. Written and Illustrated by Erna M. Karoli. New York: Whittlesey House. 128 pp. $2.

When this author and artist was "half past ten," just after the First World War, she was sent from her home in Hungary to a Swiss mountain town to regain the strength and health that she had lost during the war years. The story of her summer with the kindly, generous Swiss family is a familiar one to the children of the Second World War. It was not only health and security and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the beauty of the mountains that Margitka found in Switzerland. It was, too, the understanding and sympathy of the Swiss people and the gaiety of their way of life. This is a moving, well-told story that is especially timely today.

MISS QUINN'S SECRET. By Dorothy Aldis. Illustrations by Rowena Fry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 164 *pp.* $2.50.

Miss Quinn is the town librarian in a small city in Indiana. She interests the boys and girls in the past history of the countryside and helps them establish a museum. A good story illustrated with attractive drawings.

ERIC'S GIRLS. By Gladys Malvern. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Eric is a Dutchman who lived on a farm in Connecticut when Peter Stuyvesant was mayor of Nieuw Amsterdam. His daughters, Henrietta and Jane, succeeded finally in persuading him to leave the farm and go to the city, where all sorts of exciting things might happen. Their hopes were justified. This is the story of their first year in Nieuw Amsterdam, of the siege by the British troops, and the final Dutch surrender. It is also the love story of both sisters, so different in character. It is an historical romance that will appeal especially to older girls.

HILLHAVEN: By Mary Wolfe Thompson. Decorations by Allan Thomas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Teen-age girls have learned to expect convincing, well-told stories from Mary Wolfe Thompson. They will not be disappointed in this latest book. It deals with the comparatively new and fascinating profession of occupational therapy. The story opens with Trudy Wescott's first day as an occupational therapist at Hillhaven Hospital, not far from her home in the Midwest. Trudy has difficulty adjusting herself to the demands of her job, pleasing her supervisors, striking the right balance between detachment and enthusiasm in her work with the patients. But her father and mother had worked hard to give her a professional training, and she was determined to make good. Threads of romance and mystery are introduced into the story, but subordinated to the main theme—that of giving a true picture of occupational therapy and the place that it holds in medicine today. —Evelyn R. Sickels.

PAINTED PORTS. By C. Fox Smith. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. New York: Oxford University Press. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

IT IS almost inevitable that this sea story be compared with "Treasure Island" and just as inevitable that it suffer by comparison. The tale is well written, the atmosphere vividly conveyed, and the characters well drawn, but the book, as a whole, lacks the well-integrated, unifying plot that makes the Stevenson classic such absorbing reading. It depends, rather, upon a series of exciting incidents to hold the reader's interest. Barty Dale, whom the reader met in an earlier book, "A Ship Aground," signs as an apprentice aboard a sailing ship that belongs to the East Indian Company. No sooner has the ship left the London port than misfortune befalls Barty. He is unjustly accused of stealing, and a series of adventures follows which end when, a castaway, he is miraculously picked up by the same ship on which he first sailed from London. The ending is improbable, but this is good reading. The make-up is excellent and the drawings by C. Walter Hodges admirable.

—E. R. S.

A SUNDAE WITH JUDY. By Frieda Friedman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

JUDY MARSHALL'S father owned a candy store and warm-hearted, outgoing Judy spent most of her time in it. When pretty Mayling Lee came to live across the street, Judy swept her, too, into all her activities. They wanted to help Mr. Fenton, who had lost his job and could not pay the rent just when a new baby had been added to his large family. So Judy decided that the children in their school would give a show and charge admission. The show was a great success and when it was over, with the performers as special guests, Judy was allowed to concoct for each one the most elaborate sundae she could dream of, using anything she wished in her father's store.

This is a real and delightful story of a friendly New York community with the typical neighborhood stationery-candy store as its center. The happy mixture of people of different races and background all working together for common ends can be found in few other places in the world. It is such a book as this, with its matter-of-fact acceptance of differences and its pleasure in all sorts and kinds of people, that will strengthen and foster the natural, unprejudiced attitude of normal childhood.

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

—From "A Summer to Remember."

SECRET OF THE SAND HILLS. By Kitty Barnes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

IN THIS, as in so many English tales, a mother has to dash off for a far-away part of the world, leaving her children in England. In London, the five young Burringtons have a celebration with their mother before she leaves to join their father in Ceylon. They then become involved in a mystery which follows them all the way to Chipping Langton and their grandfather's house. Henry, the observant one, had noticed a missing finger on the hand of a stranger at Victoria Station. He also notices that on the hand of Simonds, the butler at his grandfather's house, the same finger is missing. When grandfather told them that they could explore the sand hills, Simonds told them to keep away. They go to the sand hills and the beach, however, find there a lovely, abandoned cottage, and watch as an airplane mysteriously circles from time to time. The mystery develops to a satisfying denouement. Kitty Barnes's skill in writing and her well-drawn characters lift what might have been just another mystery story out of the ordinary.—R. H. V.

FORTY-SEVEN KEYS. By Erick Berry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 200 *pp.* $2.50.

A NOVEL deviation from the "play within the play" motif is this story of learning to write a story. Honoria Cathcart, a high-school senior, was the lucky girl who got the part-time job of secretary to Eleanor Monk, the celebrated author. Mrs. Monk had come to Ammon to get local color for a series of stories of small-town people. It was Honey's love for her town and her knowledge of its people that made Mrs. Monk select her. To her it was more than a job with a famous writer. It was her big chance to learn to write herself. As Mrs. Monk became more involved in the life of Ammon and the two of them shared in the production of the school play, Honey learned that there was no one secret to success in writ-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. Throughout their relationship she took notes on the things that she learned, and these "Writing Notes" come at the end of each chapter.

The story, very amusing and full of suspense and action, proves the points that Mrs. Monk made; building the plot step by step, making the characters act consistently, selecting and emphasizing incidents that have a bearing on plot and characters. As an entertaining supplement to Erick Berry's and Herbert Best's "Writing for Children" this is a success. As a career story which entertains even as it instructs, it is better than most. It could quite conceivably spur an aspiring writer to acquire knowledge and discipline before attempting to write a book. —R. H. V.

MOVIES SHOES. By Noel Streatfield. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. New York: Random House. 274 pp. $2.50.

THE heroine of this latest of the Shoes Series starts out with the handicap of being not merely the middle child in the family, but the only plain one and the only one without unusual talent. Jane has become used to considering herself plain and untalented, taking it for granted that she will never impress anyone in any way. The result is that she presents the least amiable heroine that this reader has met with in a long time. It is easy to understand Jane and to sympathize with her—but one longs to shake her! When the Winter family went to California for Mr. Winter's health each member of it, with the exception of Jane, was ready to make the most of the life there. Jane could only mourn her beloved cocker spaniel which she had left in England, convinced that nothing in California made up for him.

Shortly after the Winters' arrival in California, however, Jane, through a dog she befriended, came to the attention of a film director who saw in her the very child that he needed for the part of Mary in "The Secret Garden." Once she had accepted her luck, Jane was again full of importance. Again she was disappointed. At the studio school she was just one more child—not a leading lady. Her friendship with a boy in the cast whom she admired for his unusual influence over animals helped her most.

Miss Streatfield has drawn on her first-hand knowledge of motion pictures in the making to make her story of an English family in Hollywood both authentic and interesting. Her skill as a writer has increased since the first of the Shoes books. This one is particularly well developed. The characters and the situations are completely convincing. —R. H. V.

the Phoenix Nest

BALLADE OF DEAD GENTLEMEN

(A Double Ballade Royal)

O tell me now in what dim, hidden way
Dreams François Villon, long-lamented dean
Of balladeers? (Where darts the interplay
Of Villon's fine precision with his keen,
Incisive pen?) Where now are his eighteen
Companions of the Cockle Shell? (Deny
Not some of these were thieves, but sanctify
The name of Villon, as he waits upon
The scaffold)—Where, that curve of lazuli?
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

Where is Regnier de Montigny, distrait,
As Villon, smiling through barred mezzanine,
Recites "Ballade des Pendus"? Where, his gray
And weeping mother, clutching a Beguine?
"Les Testaments," in what locked magazine?
Where now the priest, with crucifix raised high,
Absolving each of those about to die?
Where is the choir, chanting in antiphon,
And echoing the penitential sigh?
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

Colin des Cayeux—where is he, I pray?—
"Old Colin," chosen friend and go-between,
To whom Villon dispatched "a scrawl" that day
He and the others were to die. Serene,
That ballad—brisk and gallant; brave in mien:
"Commend François to grace once more, and try
To gain the King's last-moment pardon! Why,
One time the little Princess d'Orléans,
Again, Louis himself saved Villon. I—
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?"

Where, now, is Villon's like? And where, like gay
Abandon in the face of death; the sheen
Of noble words; the courage, now, to say:
"We die tomorrow, then? This doom, I ween,
Is fit. Afraid to die? Ah, no! Foreseen
Beyond the night, beyond the darkened sky,
Beyond the curve of heaven, I espy
A greater loveliness when this is gone."
Where can be found so fearless a reply?
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

"Life was not made thus perfect to betray
Our love of life; nor was the crystalline
Fabric of youth designed as tourniquet
To bind desire. Abundantly we glean,
Who have lived fully. Should Fate intervene
Once more, we of the Cockle Shell descry
In that God-given respite, not a sly,
Ill-gotten vantage, but a benison—
For of itself a noose may not untie."
(Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?)

Where is the poet able now to sway,
Our sympathies in like straightforward, clean
Experience of freedom from dismay?
Where is the ballad-making indigene,
Undriven by stark bitterness or spleen?
He has been throttled by the ones who cry,
"The world! My comrades, it is all awry!"
Where slumbers now the calm *sine qua non*
That marks the zenith faith must occupy?
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

L'ENVOI

Friends, where are ringing words that now can vie
In courage with that valiant last goodbye?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 797)

CORNELIA MEIGS:
THE VIOLENT MEN

Jefferson sat in misery before the Congress hearing his phrases repeated, twisted, questioned, turned inside out. Could this passage be misconstrued, was that one too severe ..... or would we have any friends left after this Declaration?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where dreams the master bard,
François Villon,
Whose ballads leave no eye that reads
them dry?—
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges
d'antan? —RUTH CRARY.

* * *

A cedar waxwing looked in the window the other day and whistled, "Thanks for the publicity!" So, in spite of possible reprisals by the redstarts, kingbirds, and song-sparrows, here is a postlude to Mae Winkler Goodman's pleasing piece, from Edith Del Hopkins of Boonville, Ind.:

> A recent article in your column about cedar waxwings has moved me to write to you, for in our front yard as I write is a tree literally full of cedar waxwings. It is a tree which we call serviceberry, or in our Midwest dialect, "service." A friend of ours from the East once told us it was called there the shadberry, because it bloomed when shad ran. It is like lace when it blooms in early spring, covered with little white flowers before any foliage appears. The fruit is an insipid bright red berry growing in clusters, a cross between a cranberry and a currant! All birds seem to love it, but the great thrill for us each year is the coming of droves of cedar waxwings, which we never see at any other time.
>
> They sit twenty or thirty on a branch which bends under their weight, when just above them is a larger one entirely unoccupied. They pass berries along from one to another, when even the feeblest could find abundance on any other branch. They bob their little crested heads so busily and chirp so excitedly that we feel as if they are exclaiming over the treasure-trove they have found. The tree, which is more than fifty years old, is still not so tall as our old-fashioned, two-storey brick house, and it is so near that at the upstairs windows we are within a few feet of the birds. We look forward to their coming each year as Amy Lowell did to that of the grackles, but our pleasure is an undiluted one.

* * *

PRIZE

Mary McCarthy's new novel, "The Oasis," which was published last year in England, was chosen by the English magazine *Horizon* as the best novel of 1948. The prize was £200 and twelve bottles of dry sherry.—*News Item.*

The British, this award bears witness,
Have still their native sense of
fitness,
And, be they dressed in tam or
topper,
Are sure to do the thing that's
proper.

And so they supplement with sherry
The mundane merely monetary
To form a prize that neatly graces
A novel titled "The Oasis."
—RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 17¢ a word; 26 times 19¢ a word; 13 times 22¢ a word; 6 times 24¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Severald hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA Inc., 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. Americana (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1,600 titles). 3. Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). Art (Fine & Applied).

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Fifth Ave., near 12 St., NYC. Visit our going, going, gone department. Book bargains galore at $1.47; 98¢; 68¢; 49¢; 24¢.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Indiana.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., Oldest old book shop in New York.

LANGUAGES

TRANSLATIONS to and from English, Italian, French. Quick, accurate work. Telephone: NYC, TRafalgar 6-6312. Box 747-H.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

RECORD MART

LAST CALL FOR 50% OFF sale records—Send for lists. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17. CATALOGUE, imported, domestic recordings, 10¢ prepaid.

BOB WILBER and Ralph Sutton are on Circle with other great jazz traditionalists in world's finest jazz catalogue. Free listing from CIRCLE RECORDS, 13 East 3 St., NYC.

SPECIALIZED SERVICE catering to collectors of vocal records. Lists according to singers. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTOR'S SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

RARE DISCS, lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

WHY PAY INFLATED PRICES for out-of-print discs? Send for our comprehensive lists of slightly used English and Continental records. All musical tastes catered for: operatic (rarities and deletions), symphonic, light orchestral, organ, stage and screen celebrities. Want lists accepted. ROSS, COURT & CO., 92 Trafalgar St., Brighton, Sussex, Eng.

FOR SALE: A complete collection of Bach Partitas for Clavier, recorded in Europe. Box 840-H.

WRITE FOR FREE bargain lists, albums and singles connoisseur lists, unusual LP records, collectors' records. Classical only. Write, or visit store daily till midnight. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., (81 St.) NYC 28.

TAPE RECORDER. The Famous BRUSH SOUNDMIRROR, regular list price, $229.95, while they last below distributors' cost at $110. F.O.B.—R. U. Lynch, Inc., 9 Federal St., Providence, R. I.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

BACK NUMBERS MAGAZINES—over a million in stock. Large supply of Geographics. Prices quoted immediately. Orders filled in 48 hours. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Box 247, Dept. PR, Danvers, Mass.

LITERARY SERVICES

STYLE IMPROVING, evaluation, research, translations, MS typing, secretarial services. Minimum cost. Recommended, leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-4262.

COPYING DONE reasonably. ETHEL WAUGH, Literary Services, Hotel Bryant, NYC. CIrcle 6-2100.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book," Dept. 72, EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., NYC.

TYPING—40¢ per 1,000 words. Prompt, intelligent service. MARILYN STRATMAN, 712 Grand, Troy, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE E. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING on IBM Electromatic. Up to 15 clear copies. IDA E. NETZER, 40 West 45 St., NYC. Phones MUrray Hill 2-1932; CHelsea 2-3184.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

LITERARY PROBLEM? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS." DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept SR, NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in *pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder.* WILLIAM FREDERICK PRESS Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 33 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, Superior work done quickly and reasonably. MURIEL KNAPP, 10 East 40 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 4-6146.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Ave., New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues 30¢. Books bought.

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Ave., NYC 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

OUT OF PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS found quickly. Send wants, no obligation, free catalogue. COAST BOOKFINDERS, Box 1886, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, NYC 67.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating wants. No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

PERSONALS

DEVILISHLY ATTRACTIVE man, 30, grace anyone's drawing room. Good background. Companion and/or secretary. Unstinted loyalty and efficiency. Now employed. References. Box 835-H.

PERSONABLE, versatile, mature, but young viewpoint architect, invites stimulating female correspondence. Box 837-H.

WOULD YOUNGISH MEN and women care to bring new interests via correspondence into the life of a young nurse, desperately tired of the company of other nurses and patients? Box 838-H.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, Harvard Philadelphian, small salary, seeks healthy clime, asthmatic wife. Box 839-H.

WOMAN WRITER, 3 children, desires moderate rental southwestern Connecticut. Unfurnished. Box 832-H.

(*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

FOR SALE: authentic Cape Cod, 75 acres, 6 rooms, 3 fireplaces, Dutch oven, brook. $3,500. David Barrett, Claremont, N. H.

NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY instructors, young couple, desire suitable part-time employment in exchange for room and board. Available Aug. to Sept. 10. Box 842-H.

ATTRACTIVE, OLDER WOMAN, refined, traveled, family gone, likes people, bridge, animals, good stories, correspond interesting gentleman, sense humor. Box 843-H.

BRITISH ENGINEER, interested art, music, literature, seeks lodging in cultured American home, vicinity NYC. Box 844-H.

MALE, uncultured, philosophically unanchored, but susceptible, seeks correspondence with the idealistically unfettered. Box 845-H.

FOR SALE: excellent farmhouse, 7 rooms, barns, 85 acres, brook. Real bargain. $2,750. David Barrett, Claremont, N. H.

WRITING? RESTING? Conn. woodland studio apartment. 2 months, longer. Commutable. Box 847-H.

OPERATOR of small country bookshop needs personable gal to relieve wife for summer. Room, breakfast, $20 a week and season ticket to New England's best summer theatre. 8:30 to 5:30 five days. Wednesday afternoons off. Full particulars by letter soonest. The Book Cellar, Brattleboro, Vt.

YOUR PORTRAIT in beautiful oils from photograph. $25. An everlasting keepsake on 16 x 20 canvas. Pay only on approval. Box 846-H.

AVAILABLE Aug. 1, Washington, D. C. Half interest in comfortable 3-room apartment near Dupont Circle. Offered by non-government girl, age 27, to someone sharing interests in politics, literature, arts, interesting people. Moderate expenses. Box 848-H.

MATURE BUSINESSMAN, devoted to gracious living, would correspond with lady having same objective. Box 849-H.

PERSONABLE YOUNG MAN, 30, educated, refined. Companion-secretary to gentleman and/or lady. Some travel preferred. Box 836-H.

YOUNG MAN, bookseller, wishes to correspond with gals interested modern movements, art, literature. Box 850-H.

REFINED, likeable, young girl, varied interests, outdoors, fun, life, friendly correspondents. Box 851-H.

LEARN how the Chinese tune in on Nature and find real happiness and emotional adjustment. Send $1 for my account of "The Secret of the Chinese Way of Life," result of 2 years of personal research in China. Weekley, Box 444, Dept. B, Upper Darby, Pa.

LONELY SHE expects letters from anyone feeling the same way. Box 852-H.

EXPERIENCED MALE would correspond with female who is different. Box 853-H.

MATURE MAN, creative, traveled, will welcome correspondence with rare woman. Box 854-H.

GENTLEMAN, tolerant views, desires correspondence with enlightened member of opposite sex. Box 855-H.

TO A SUCCESSFUL WRITER, ideal spacious home overlooking magnificent Hudson River panorama, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, 2-car garage, 2 fireplaces, hot water heat, large open porch on main floor and sleeping porch on second floor, finish attic and finish cellar with complete accommodation for gardener. Quiet as a mountain eyrie, but most accessible, 40 minutes from Grand Central and 10-minute walk to station. Now available for early occupancy. Just come and see it at 117 Villard Ave., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

KILTON STEWART, Ph.D., available for lectures on "Magico-Religious Beliefs and Practises in Primitive Societies" and "Folk Psychotherapy." 31 Park Ave., NYC. LExington 2-8042.

WANT experienced radio writer for 5-minute dramatic skits. Box 856-H.

HUNGRY, YOUNG DOCTOR craves snappy letters from lively ladies. Box 857-H.

OVER 1,000 subscribers to Neurotica this year. How long are you going to wait? year. NEUROTICA, 4438½ Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

INTERESTED IN MAYAN, Aztec, Incan civilizations? Send for free booklist. Box 64-H.

"MURDER, I calls it." $12 smacks a day and $70 a week. But the boys and girls have been going there for 30 years. Western View Farm, New Milford, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL VALLEY WRITER'S CENTER, second season. Unique working-living quarters in beautiful 7,000-acre Catskill estate; individual coaching and directional work if desired; week-end talks by name writers; bi-weekly round-table discussions; hiking, fishing, saddle horses, concerts, art and antique exhibits. Reasonable rates. Write: I. V. W. C., South Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.

PERSONALS

WRITER seeks free-lance assignments, ghosting collaboration. Please be specific. Box 692-H.

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX and let me take over your household problems? Excellent cook, manager, gracious living. Box 833-H.

POSITION OPEN responsible individual as NYC representative of Mass. printing company. $75-$100 weekly, great advancement potentialities. Post qualifications to Box 834-H.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FARM, home of author Elliot Merrick in beautiful Craftsbury Common, Vt., for sale. 1/3-mile lakeshore, 10-room house, simple but pleasant, bath, electricity, barn, all-year road. Summer paradise, fine winter skiing. $5,800. Charles Nassau, agent, Morrisville, Vt.

COTTAGES FOR SALE or rent to literary people. Hutchins & Sons, Indian Lake, N. Y.

EUROPE, all-inclusive FIVE NATIONS STUDY TOUR; leave July 28, $749. Write F. Shultz, 1411 11 St., S.E. Minneapolis.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN intrigued with life, psychology, philosophy, literature, humor, welcomes correspondence from congenial, unconventional or perceptive, conventional female. Box 829-H.

GRACIOUS GAL, laughter-loving, warm-hearted, literate, opulent in ideas, invites correspondence from ditto male. Box 830-H.

GENTLEMAN, mature—neither sinner nor saint, but honest, frank, and sincere, invites correspondence from lady of similar qualities. Box 831-H.

FED-UP with frenetic present? Lose yourself in pages of "Ladies' Home Journal," 1870-1910. Romantic stories, colorful illustrations, curious advertisements, yesteryear's "old-look" fashions. Wonderful gift for mother-grandmother. Single copy, $1.75; 5 copies for $7.00; 10 copies, $11.00. Box 132-D.

CLASSICS, duds, banned books, bestsellers of yesteryear, sets, scholarly tomes, and treatises on the queerest subjects abound in our free catalogues. We cater to hermitic bibliotaphes, Victorian outholds, and *SRL* subscribers. H. H. Evans, Books, 1157 Sutter, San Francisco 9, Calif.

"TIMES OF INDIA ANNUAL 1949" JUST ARRIVED! Full-color plates, some mounted, suitable for framing, plus 98 pages of stories, articles and photographs of modern India (in English). $1 postpaid. TIMES OF INDIA, 8106 Empire State Bldg., NYC 1.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, 93¢; Fancy Flowery Ceylon, $1.10; Assam, $1.08; English Breakfast, 75¢, Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $1.03; Formosa Oolong, 98¢; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, 80¢; Uncolored B. F. Japan, 80¢; Pinhead Gunpowder, 88¢; Young Hyson, 98¢. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, NYC.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL. Middle Western school preparing for Eastern colleges. Good teaching and hard work under Harvard, Yale, Princeton faculty. Greek, tennis, concerts, and theatre in nearby St. Louis. Robin McCoy, Rt. 6, Box 238, Sappington 23, Mo.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

COOK IN EVERY CLIMATE AND COUNTRY and in any period 1600-1948. Discover unexplored culinary delights in our global cuisine of 500 cookbooks. Send for free list or remit $3.75 for a sample volume. Box 120-D.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS (over 100 dealers in 27 cities throughout the world) invites your inquiries. Send lists, or mention interests. TAAB, 529 South Melville St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢-$1, none higher. Remarkable values, postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N. Y.

WRITER OR ARTIST sublet Aug. till March, attractive studio apartment. Park view, 2 rooms, bath, kitchenette, $150 monthly. NYC. Circle 7-5586.

GERMAN MISS, now abroad, correspondence with young folks in German or English. Box 859-H.

FOR SALE: large collection of beautiful, unusual prewar postcards, mostly European. Price reasonable. Box 858-H.

WANTED: job paying expenses to Shanghai, permitting short stopover in England. Before Sept. College graduate. Wide experience. References. Inquiries and suggestions welcomed. Box 861-H.

SUMMER MUSIC WORKSHOP in beautiful 7,000-acre Catskill estate. Individual coaching and directional work, if desired, by known professionals. String ensemble, voice, violin, etc. Facilities for intensive rehearsing professional groups. Composer's retreat. Hiking, fishing, saddle horses, weekly concerts, art exhibits. Reasonable rates. Write I. V. W. C., South Kortright, N. Y.

PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN wishes to correspond with persons interested in making this a better world. Box 841-H.

HIRED! Job interviews obtained by planned letters ghostwritten to order. Request details. Write: "Flair Letters," 210 Fifth Ave., NYC.

ENGLISH INSTRUCTRESS desires interesting part-time employment for summer, western Long Island. Box 827-H.

GENTLEMAN desires to correspond with lady enjoying sports and shows. Box 804-H.

MODEST, MODERN HOME near good public library in interesting community (anywhere) wanted by retired man and wife. Box 806-H.

WILL TAKE 2 paying guests weekly or week-ends 2 hours from NYC, Connecticut countryside, private house. References, exceptional surroundings. Box 740-H.

FOR SALE: Cottage in Nova Scotia. On large river, 8 miles from ocean. 524 Riverside Drive, NYC, apt. 63.

VACATIONS

IT'S HIGH POINT for good food, fun, chamber music, tennis, swimming. Near Tanglewood. Irv and Doris Bardon, New Marlboro, Mass.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come and see for yourself. Accommodates 55. 30th Season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel: New Milford 440.

WEED FARM, EAST MONTPELIER, Vermont. Comfort, delicious food, swimming, beautiful landscape.

ADULT RESORT in scenic Berkshires. Swimming, tennis, music, dancing, superlative food and accommodations. PINECREST, West Cornwall, Conn.

SMOKESHIRE WAY: High in Vermont's Green Mountains. Inspiring to poets, painters, lovers of beautiful country. Swimming, folk dancing, records, library; our own vegetables. Reasonable. Folder. RFD 1, Chester Depot, Vt.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. RD 2, Middlebury, Vt.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Crow-bar.

BEE AND THISTLE INN, Old Lyme, Conn., for those who love country, seashore, arts. Folder.

MOUNTAIN VIEW LODGE for gracious mountain living. Ruby Swanson, manager, Troy, Mont.

VERMONT VACATION. Week or season. Reasonable rates. Individuals or families. Good food, fresh vegetables. Tennis, riding, swimming, canoeing, or just resting. Communicate KEN-JOCKETTE, South Strafford, Vt.

LARGE RECORD COLLECTION, good tennis, private lake, all sports. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

RETREAT AT WORLD'S END! Unlimited riding, 2,000 altitude. Miles private trails, fields, forest streams, lake, swim, fish, boat. Good food. Beautyrest beds. Folder. NYC telephone: SEdgewick 3-5524. Shadynook, Lopez, Pa.

PRIVATE 60-acre wooded retreat in Allegheny's of Western Maryland. Exquisite countryside. Swimming pool. Excellent food. ALWAYS COOL. Facilities for children. Ideal vacation for small groups of discriminating people. Reasonable rates. Write HEMLOCK HOLLOW, Oakland, Md.

SKY VALLEY RANCH. Tabernash, Colo.—high in Rockies; small, informal, secluded, riding, fishing.

BERMUDA—FOR RENT, well-furnished cottages on waterfront, near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

KANDAHAR LODGE—Manchester, Vt. High in Green Mts. Elevation 2,000 feet. Good food, garden vegetables. Swimming, sandy beach on premises. Other sports. Library, record collection. $35 weekly. American plan. Folder. Sue and Alex Zoesch invite you.

EUROPE! Earn $500 reduction in 60-day motor tour costing $1,400 by driving our American-made Ford on tour. Equal status with guests, cabin class ocean transportation, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and England. Applicant must be college-bred, well educated, driving experience free from accidents. Send full particulars and personal data with letter of application. EUROPEAN JOURNEYS, University Box 1546, Austin, Tex.

ON LAKE CAYUGA—Finger Lakes Region—brochure available—AURORA INN, Aurora, N. Y.

SPEND YOUR VACATION at River Bend, Newfare, Vt., Route 30. Quiet, informal atmosphere. Telephone: 43-11K. Peter Zilliacus.

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 798

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

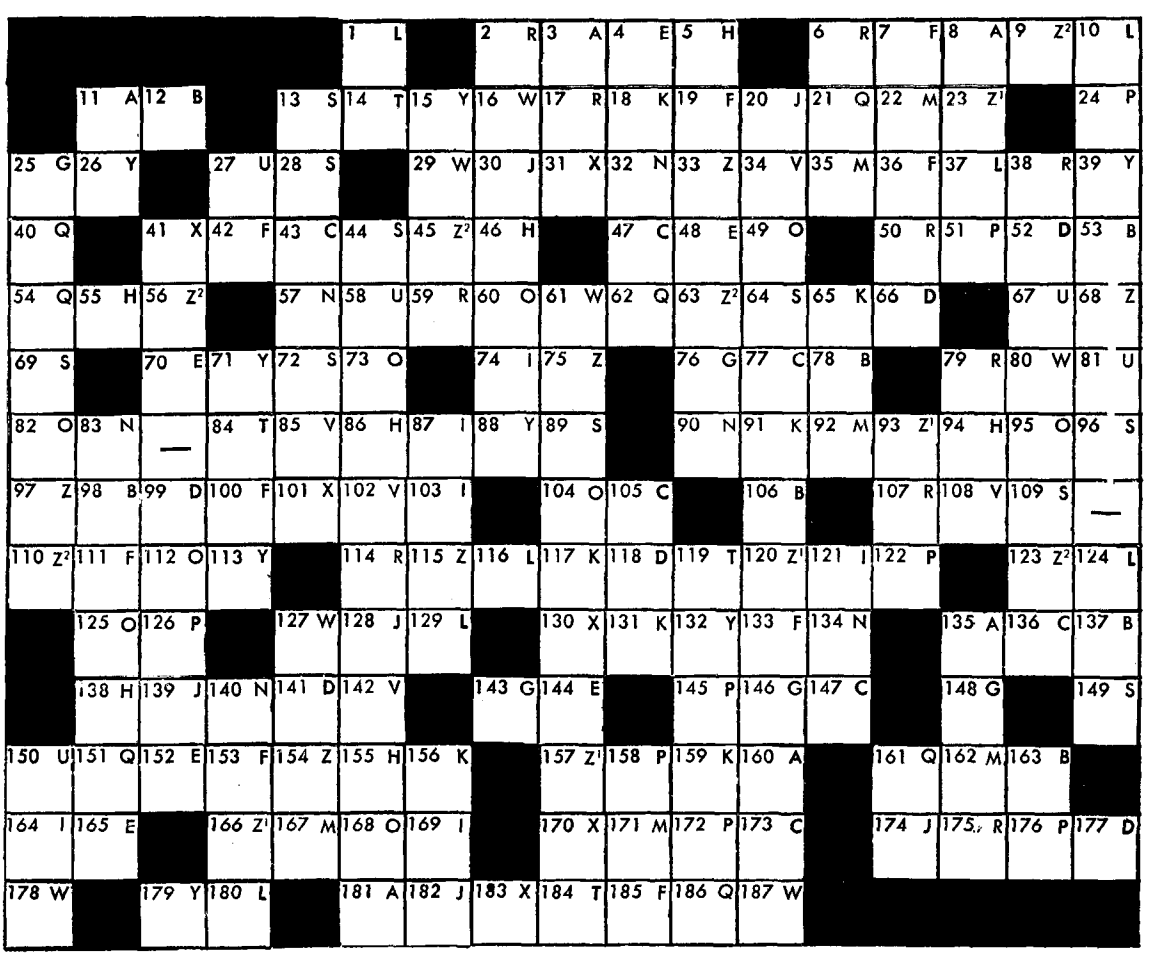
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. London Club of which Addison and Steele were members.	160 8 135 181 3 11
B. A large rough-scaled mackerel-like fish highly prized for food.	137 78 98 12 53 106 163
C. *Hungarian musician and orchestra conductor* (1855-1922; Boston Symphony, 1889-93).	105 77 173 43 147 47 136
D. Table linen.	141 177 52 99 118 66
E. Valuable tropical timber tree with reddish wood (Panama).	165 144 70 48 4 152
F. An agent or partisan of the *Revolutionary Tribunal* in France.	153 185 7 133 111 42 36 100 19
G. An elephant (India).	76 148 146 25 143
H. Having feet or legs used as oars; said of certain crustaceans and insects.	46 5 155 55 138 94 86
I. A man who obtains honors but fails to be placed among the wranglers, in the mathematical tripos (Cambridge U., Eng.).	74 103 169 87 164 121
J. English author and linguist, *authority on gypsy life* (1803-81).	174 182 20 30 139 128
K. The profits or products that land yields, as hay, rents, etc. (law).	156 18 91 65 131 117 159
L. An arrangement or abridgement of a piece from the full score (music).	124 1 10 37 180 116 129
M. Tale told by Chaucer himself in "The Canterbury Tales" (*prefaced by "Sir"*).	22 167 162 92 171 35
N. An expedition or its caravan (E. Africa).	134 57 32 90 83 140
O. To defile; corrupt.	104 49 60 112 125 95 168 73 82
P. *Passerine birds* of N. A. and Asia, of showy crest and velvety plumage.	24 158 51 122 145 126 176 172
Q. An important leguminous forage plant, grown principally for hay.	54 40 151 21 186 161 62
R. Woman suffrage amendment (U. S. Const.).	79 114 17 50 6 59 175 38 107 2
S. An anthropoid ape, as the chimpanzee; a cave dweller (ethnol.).	96 72 28 89 149 109 13 69 44 64
T. *Fair; impartial; smooth.*	84 119 14 184
U. River in Soviet Russia, Europe, 1,100 miles to White Sea.	58 81 150 27 67
V. Relationship of Castor and Pollux (Gr. myth.).	142 108 102 85 34
W. Profuse; lavish.	16 29 61 187 80 178 127
X. Any one of a group of "Nine" rated in the Middle Ages as eminent.	41 31 183 170 101 130
Y. Famous Sanskrit epic of adventure.	113 179 15 39 26 71 88 132
Z. By way of summing up (2 wds.).	154 115 75 97 68 33
Z.[1] Hackneyed.	157 93 120 166 23
Z.[2] Book of travel in the East, 1844, by Kinglake.	45 123 63 110 9 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPECIAL TREAT

for the thousands who enjoyed
THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES:
Scribners is delighted to announce
AUBREY MENEN'S new novel

The Stumbling Stone

"For fine intellectual satire, few living writers can top this young newcomer"*

WHEN Aubrey Menen made his debut a year and a half ago, delighted critics and readers recognized a unique new talent.

His first novel, **The Prevalence of Witches,** was a witty, discursive, erudite story which subjected conventional Western ideas of morality to a hilarious and thoroughly devastating scrutiny. *The New Yorker* spoke for the overwhelming majority of the nation's critics in calling **The Prevalence of Witches** "a novel of remarkable wit and originality, at once impudent, ironic and profound." Mr. Menen was instantaneously ranked with such satirists as Huxley, Waugh, G. B. Shaw and Norman Douglas.

In **The Stumbling Stone,** Mr. Menen once again cuts to the heart of our cultural pretensions with biting satire, sly wit, and more than a modicum of sound common sense.

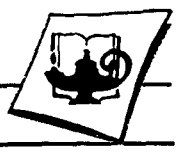
The hero of this story is one Colley Burton, lately returned to England after twenty-five years of selfless but totally undistinguished service among the untouchables of India. Colley, to his amazement, finds himself hailed as a living saint—thanks mainly to an incredibly bad, very maudlin play about his life and work which is the biggest hit in London. A varied assortment of "do-gooders," both amateur and professional, fasten themselves to Colley in a frantic attempt to consolidate his canonization—and in their zeal involve him in some rather questionable projects.

What Colley learns about the motives that lead people to Do Good, and the drastic measures he must take in order to accomplish some himself, is the substance of this thoroughly delightful, thought-provoking—and sometimes uncomfortably illuminating—story.

If you have read **The Prevalence of Witches,** you know the sort of sophisticated and cerebral entertainment you can find in this book. If you have not, *don't wait another minute* to discover the very special treat that is in store for you!

**Book-of-the-Month Club News*

$3.00 *at all bookstores*



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED